

TWENTY CENTS

MARCH 19, 1951

TIME

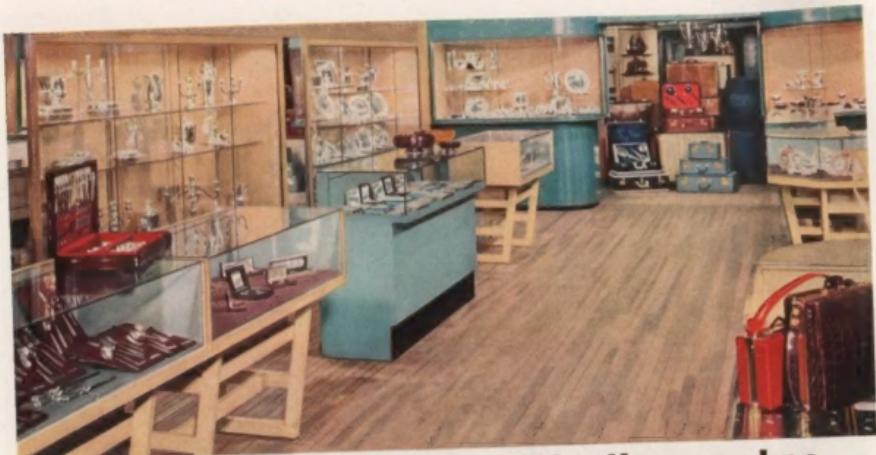
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



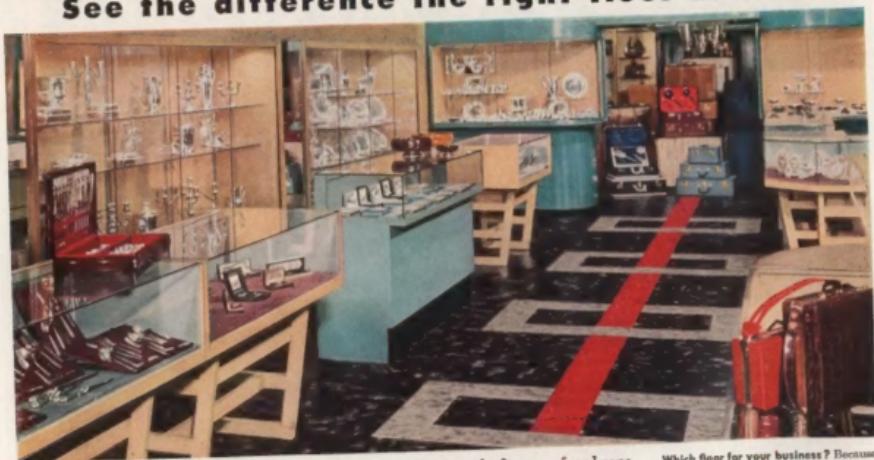
Domenic Hamilton Beaman

PRICE CONTROLLER DI SALLE

"The U.S. is just an extension of Toledo."



See the difference the right floor makes



THESE two photographs of the same jewelry store show how the right floor transformed an interior that looked unfinished into a place that has extra customer appeal. Compare both pictures closely, and you'll find the only change is a new resilient floor of Armstrong's Linotile.

Although fixtures were up to date and displays were carefully arranged, the old floor detracted from the over-all effect. As is often the case, the appearance of the store as a whole had not been considered. The important part the floor plays in decoration had been overlooked.

Armstrong's Linotile was the right floor for this store for a number of reasons. Specially developed by Armstrong for heavy traffic areas, it has the ability to take the grinding wear of gritty dirt tracked in from

the street. The smooth, dense surface keeps dirt from getting ground in. It's a floor that reduces cleaning time and effort, keeps maintenance costs at a minimum. Despite its special toughness, Linotile's resilience makes it comfortable to walk on.

There's unusual design flexibility with Linotile because it's put down block by block. The special effect in this jewelry store is just one of countless designs that can be created with this floor.

Perhaps your place of business can be improved equally as much with a new floor. Your Armstrong contractor will gladly show you samples of all Armstrong Floors and give you cost estimates.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes a choice of resilient floors—Armstrong's Linotiles, Armstrong Tile, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these floors has its own special advantages. Each has been developed to meet various cost, style, and subfloor requirements.

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 30-page full-color booklet, will help you compare the features of each type of resilient flooring and aid you in choosing the one that's best suited to your needs. Write

Armstrong Cork Company, 5103 Fulton Street, Lancaster, Penna.



ARMSTRONG'S LINOTILE



There's a big difference between

corn... and ... unicorn

—and there is a powerful difference, too,
between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!

TRADE-MARK



You can feel the difference

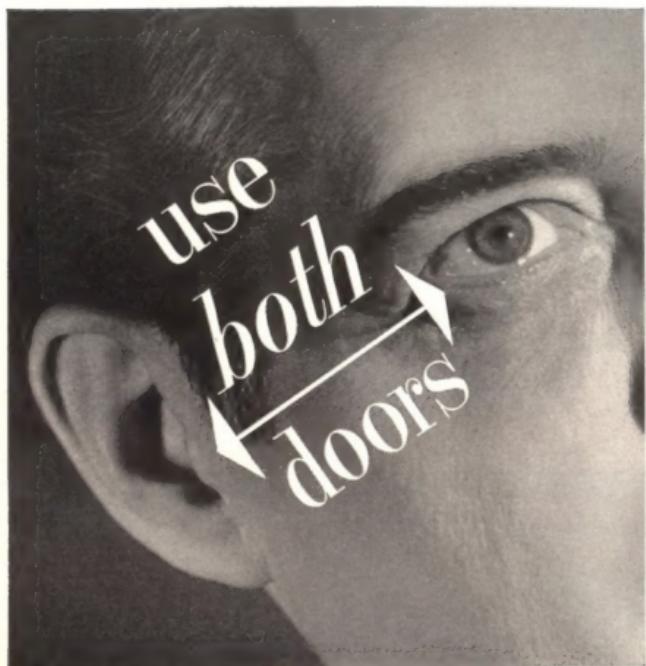
in extra power . . .



smoother running . . . and more driving pleasure!

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N.Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake . . . ethylene dichloride . . . sodium [metallic] . . . chlorine (liquid) . . . oil soluble dye . . . benzene hexachloride (technical)



With movies it really sinks in!

Eyes and ears simultaneously grasp the message far more quickly, more thoroughly, more completely, than by any other teaching method.

Salesmen come alive when instructed via this living sales manual.

Up go school grades when students have

the extra advantage of audio-visual presentation.

Churches and religious organizations are finding sight-and-sound movies a potentially unfolding eternal truths—in action.

A whole new world of entertainment enters your home with Bell & Howell Filmosound.



Mr. Don Parsons, directing Moody Bible Institute film program, says: "Movies have caused a new surge of interest in religion with people of all faiths . . . in industry and schools, as well as churches!"



Thomas W. Hope, Film Department, General Mills, says: "We have used movie projectors for many years . . . a number of our salesmen use Filmosound projectors for showing films at sales meetings."

You buy for life
when you buy

Bell & Howell Chicago 45

First in sound projection...

Bell & Howell

Since the very beginning, Bell & Howell has led the industry in equipment for making and showing 16mm sound films. Let their experience guide you in selecting the best projector for your special needs.

You'll find the information and guidance offered below invaluable in mapping out a film program for business or organization.



FILMOSOUND

16mm Single-Case Filmosound for either sound or silent film. Weighs only 35½ pounds. Full, natural sound at all volume levels. Precision-built to give most hours of projection time. With 6-inch built-in speaker, now only \$449.95. (Larger, separate speakers available.)

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Please send complete information on the subjects checked: (x)

- Movies in Business and Industry
- Movies in Education
- Movies in Religion
- Movies in the Home
- Special Movie Information for Students

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Address _____

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Note: If you will write us specifically regarding your problems we will include additional material pertinent to its solution.

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*Guaranteed for life. During life of the product, any defects in workmanship or materials will be remedied free (except transportation).

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*Another example of
AMERICAN-Standard
Leadership*

• A year ago, Sanistand was just a name for a new plumbing fixture.

Today, in hundreds of busy theatres, department stores, restaurants, hotels, terminals, service stations and other public places, the Sanistand fixture is being praised as the greatest contribution to rest room sanitation since the invention of the water closet.

Developed through American Standard research to offer women

the same convenience and sanitation the standing urinal does for men, the Sanistand fixture makes washrooms cleaner, neater and more pleasing to women patrons . . . the Sanistand also reduces the time and cost of rest room maintenance.

This new urinal for women is constructed throughout of easily-cleaned, non-absorbent, genuine vitreous china in white and a variety of attractive colors and combines effi-

cient flushing action with an extra large outlet to make it completely sanitary in operation and appearance.

If you would like to have more detailed information about the new Sanistand fixture for women, write for a copy of the American-Standard Better Rest Room Guide which contains many helpful ideas for planning modern rest rooms.



American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation • Dept. T-31 • Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

Serving home and industry: AMERICAN-STANDARD • AMERICAN BLOWERS • CHURCH SEATS • RETROBIT LUBRICATOR • KEWANEE BOILERS • ROSS HEATER • TONAWANDA IRON



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Maybe you want big results right now.

Maybe you want to build your name, your product, your service, for all the tomorrows.

Either way, BH&G is a proved way—an exceptionally efficient way—to get into the homes and hearts of 3½-million of the most important families in America!

Most important to you because these selected families have more of what it takes (in income and interest both) to buy more of what you sell.

Most important to you because these men and women buy 100% SERVICE BH&G simply and solely because of its news, ideas and suggestions about what's new—what's better—what's for them—in every phase of living.

Most important to you because they shop BH&G's advertising pages as a family excursion into a favorite market place—a market place for most everything they want—today—and on that future day when plans turn into purchases!

Now is when to start pitching to those all-important families. Just ask for the latest facts about BH&G, the biggest market of its kind—and power—on earth!



Serving a SCREENED MARKET of 3½-Million Better Families

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY
Des Moines, Iowa

Research for raw materials starts a new chemical industry



In the early nineteen thirties, with demand for all Celanese^{*} products increasing rapidly, Celanese management recognized the need for assuring permanent, large new sources of basic raw materials—acetic acid and acetone. Since at that time, supplies of these chemicals were limited, Celanese research chemists and chemical engineers sought entirely new resources. These soon focused on the development of a process involving the direct oxidation of petroleum natural gases.

By 1941, Celanese engineers had perfected important new techniques and designed new equipment to solve this complex problem. Pilot plant and semi-works operations proved the process successful, and in 1943 the construction of a huge new chemical plant was begun

near Bishop, Texas in the heart of the natural gas fields.

Today this plant, which marked the beginning of a new chemical industry, is one of the great chemical production units of the country. In addition to helping supply the basic chemicals needed for Celanese^{*} yarns and plastics, it is pouring forth a wide range of other important industrial organic chemicals—aldehydes, alcohols, glycols and organic solvents to mention just a few.

As pilot plants and laboratories continue petro-chemical research, Celanese management foresees no limit to the future developments of new products, or to the continued growth of its basic yarns, chemicals, and plastics. Celanese considers its reservoir of chemical engineering skill and chemical research ability among its greatest assets.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Celanese
CORPORATION OF AMERICA
180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Esterbrook®

444

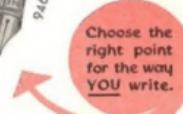
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CAMDEN 1, NEW JERSEY



LETTERS

Giant's Policy

SIR:

DON'T KNOW HOW YOU PEOPLE DO IT, HOW YOU SO CONSISTENTLY EXPRESS MY EXACT ATTITUDE ON THE WORLD SITUATION, "THE U.S. GETS A POLICY" [TIME, FEB. 26] IS STATESMANSHIP.

BEN R. AUSTIN

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Sir:

... One sentence seemed to me to define [the course] we must follow . . . "But to hold back on clearly indicated present action because of [past] mistakes is to make the future a prisoner of the past."

This has the ring of a basic truth, and it will take courage to use it as a foundation for our thinking—but I reckon we have the courage to think as well as act.

D. B. EMMERT

Denver

Sir:

... Your two most excellent articles—"Giant in a Snare" [Jan. 15] and "The U.S. Gets a Policy"—are certainly as fine summaries as possible of the situation facing our nation today and the solution we have adopted . . . We are finally facing reality and accepting the responsibility that our position in the world demands.

However, logical and reasonable though this present policy may be, it must be recognized that it is but another example of the same old effort to preserve peace by power politics . . . True, it is the only policy that we can follow under the present system of international anarchy and lawlessness. But must the world continue to be lawless?

We have curtailed and in many respects

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
March 19, 1951

Volume LVII
Number 12



"I HAD THE RIGHT OF WAY"

"For ten years I've driven without accident — and I was driving carefully that morning, too. Just as I entered the intersection, another car shot from nowhere — and skidded smack into me. Then the other fellow had the nerve to claim he had the right of way!"

"It seemed like a small accident at the time . . . no one hurt . . . little damage. So I cut short the argument, took the other fellow's name and number, the names of two people who saw the accident, and reported the whole thing to Liberty Mutual.

"Two weeks later a bombshell struck. The other driver wrote saying he was going to sue me for \$15,000. That was \$5,000 more than the protection provided by my policy. He claimed a permanent back injury and I was plenty worried.

"But the Liberty Mutual claimsmen were on the job. The evidence which they gathered was so convincing that the other driver withdrew his claim. Liberty Mutual's fine claims service saved me from plenty of sleepless nights and a financial loss that could have been serious. Incidentally, I now have more adequate insurance coverage."

As a Liberty Mutual policyholder, you can "let your guard down" when dealing with Liberty Mutual people. That's because we're a strictly mutual organization, owned by and operated *for the benefit of our policyholders*.

Should you have an accident, you'll have a skilled claimsman in your corner working directly with you to keep you safe from loss. When you want advice on the protection you need, you will find our trained salesmen working for your best interest. You'll find the same high standard of personal serv-

ice in any of Liberty Mutual's 126 offices in the United States, Canada and Hawaii.

Our direct service to you through our own full-time, salaried representatives helps keep costs down. Direct service has also saved money, paid in yearly dividends to home and car owners. This has reduced their insurance bills substantially. Would you like to know how you might have reduced your insurance bills? It's easy to find out. Just phone or visit the nearest Liberty Mutual office — or write to us in Boston.

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THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES

eliminated anarchy in our society, locally and nationally, by delegating some portions of our personal sovereignty to various levels of government . . . This could be accomplished [internationally] by strengthening the U.N. into a limited federation, with actual legal power to legislate, enforce, and adjudicate against violators of the peace, individual and national . . .

A World Government is inevitable, either by agreement or by conquest, as the achievements of science have so shrunk the size of the earth . . . Let it not be said that it is visionary and impractical; the same chorus was heard in 1787-88, but the farsighted among our leaders, Hamilton, Jay and Madison, the first Federalists for instance, persevered, and achieved the system which we have in our country today. It can and must be done in the world today.

THEO. R. LEUTZINGER
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sir:

"The U.S. Gets a Policy" was a superb piece, but one point requires amplification. It is true that peaceful coexistence with Communism is impossible without international inspection and control of atomic arms; but it is equally true that today the U.S. could not possibly accept its own plan for such control, or any other plan which called for the eventual disposal of existing stockpiles of atomic weapons . . .

An inspection system might prevent the secret production of atomic weapons, but bombs [could be] concealed before the inspection . . . The U.S. Government could not perpetrate such a fraud, but the Politiburo most certainly could . . .

ABRAM V. MARTIN
San Jose, Calif.

Sir:

Congratulations . . . You have taken the part of American leadership by giving form and expression to events and attitudes.

An interesting footnote to your article is provided by Leo Tolstoy's theory on how national policy gets made. In *War and Peace* he stated that events transpire as a result of all forces in time and space—not excluding the summation of individual human wills—rather than because of the "commands and proclamations" of those on the "policy level." The best leaders, he said, are those who recognize and fit in with the trend of actual events, the sometimes subtle will of the people . . .

Your article brilliantly expresses what most of us have already sensed, but not fully understood. Perhaps that is the greatest service of journalism.

GEORGE B. LEONARD JR.
Scott Air Force Base, Ill.

TV's B Hour

Sir:

Referring to your Feb. 19 TV story and the critic who said "People will watch anything, good, bad or indifferent":

I would like to recruit an army of people for a final showdown fight at "B" hour of what I would call TV day. I sincerely think that if we would bawl loudly enough at that big moon in our living room, we could wipe the leff off its face! . . .

C. RICHARD WOLF
Xenia, Ohio

Seaway to Power

Sir:

I would like to compliment TIME on its Feb. 26 article on the St. Lawrence seaway project . . .

We in the Tennessee Valley know what

WATCH SAHIB,

I DISAPPEAR

FOR GOOD!

BUT IF YOUR

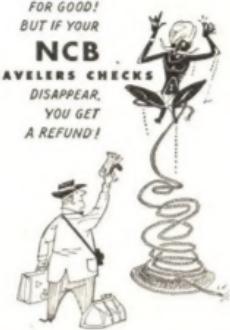
NCB

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A REFUND!



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Wherever you go . . . your easy-packing Dopp-Kit goes along to carry all those needed articles for personal comfort and good grooming. Ask for the original Dopp-Kit. Styled in finest leathers . . . with complete waterproof lining.

The Amazing

Brief-Master

...and other fine Dopp-Kit Cases



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CHAS. DOPPELT AND CO., INC., CHICAGO 16

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELEVISION PICTURE TUBE

Another DuMont first



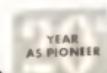
From the laboratories that have made possible television itself . . . from the endless research that for twenty years has pioneered each step on the road to ever bigger and better pictures . . . comes the magnificent DuMont *Royal Sovereign* . . . with its giant 30-inch tube . . . ushering in a new era in the beauty, power and glory of television. This Teleset® embodies on an unrivaled scale all the famous and exclusive Du Mont advantages . . . all the features that combine to produce the incomparable performance that is the hallmark of Du Mont.

*Trade Mark



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The *ROYAL SOVEREIGN* by DuMont, with 506 square inch Latetone® picture on a 30-inch direct-view tube. This distinguished DuMont Teleset® has 46 tubes (including cathode ray tube and 6 rectifier tubes). FM radio and phono-jack. Cabinet dimensions: 48" high, 50" wide, and 27½" deep. Mahogany.



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Makes your favorite cigarette less irritating!

The Denicotea Holder filters any cigarette. Irritants trapped in its crystal filter can't reach, can't harm nose, throat, sinuses or lungs. It's like cutting down on smoking, without giving up a single cigarette! That's why so many doctors recommend Denicotea instead of banning smoking.



Nicotine and Tars are better in here than in you!
Get a Denicotea Holder today!
Aluminum elector model. \$2.50
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In various colors—with extra filters.

dunhill

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CRYSTAL FILTER CIGARETTE HOLDER

it means to have cheap power, and we aren't so short-sighted that we don't want other sections of the country to share in such benefits . . .

BILL M. WILLIAMS

East Tennessee State College
Johnson City, Tenn.

Impeached

Sir:

In the Feb. 26 issue of TIME, you refer to "the attempt to impeach President Andrew Johnson". . .

President Johnson was impeached; it was not an attempt . . . Fortunately, he was saved [from conviction] by one vote . . .

AUSTIN V. MCCLAIN

Easton, Pa.

¶ TIME stands impeached and convicted of careless usage.—ED.

Runner-Up

Sir:

In your March 5 story on the Women's National Indoor Tennis championship, you printed a photograph of Winner Nancy Chafee, "a merry bundle of bounce," but you didn't print a picture of Runner-Up Beverly Baker, "a pert, shoe-eyed redhead." How about it?



International

GEORGE A. ECKERT JR.

Newport, R.I.

¶ Eyes right.—ED.

Hail Colombia

Sir:

Having been assigned to duty with the Colombian battalion due to fight in Korea with the U.N. troops, I found your Feb. 19 article highly heartening.

It is somewhat discouraging to realize how much misunderstanding our country is. We are not merely coffee growers and revolution makers (not one revolution has succeeded in the last 48 years, and all of the 14 Presidents we have had during that time were freely elected), but true democrats loving freedom and human dignity . . .

CAPTAIN ALVARO VALENCIA
"Colombia" Infantry Battalion
Bogota, Colombia

Pellets & Pellets

Sir:

It was startling, to put it mildly, to read "Case of the Barren Mink" in your Feb. 19 issue. If the writer had concerned himself purely with the problems of the mink growers [whose female minks were made barren by eating the necks of "stillbestroiled" chickens], we might not raise any questions, because that is a matter still to be decided . . .

[But] the reference to a male sex criminal who was given stilbestrol to keep him under control definitely implies an effect from eating hormone-treated chickens which just is not so . . . A person could take a whole pellet used in treating chickens . . . and it would have no effect on him. There is a chance that he might have a slight nausea for a short time. In order to have any effect on his sexual activity, a pellet would need to be consumed daily, or possibly even twice daily, for at least five or six days. We can't quite imagine

* Said one historian of the impeachment trial in 1868: "The single vote by which Andrew Johnson escaped conviction marks the narrow margin by which the Presidential element in our system escaped destruction."

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The man with "drive"...DRIVES!



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for time-saving convenience...

Hertz, world's largest, offers finest service,
finest cars, reliability!

IT COSTS SO LITTLE ... For example, at the Hertz station in Fresno, California, 1861 Broadway, the weekday rate is \$5.00 per 24 hours, plus 8¢ per mile, including gas, oil and insurance. Thus, the total cost for a 30-mile trip is only \$7.40, regardless of how many miles. Rates lower by the week.

RENT FROM HERTZ EASY AS A. B. C. . . A. Go to a Hertz station. B. Show your driver's license and identify yourself. C. Step into the car and go!

PRIVATE CAR PLEASURE ... You drive a new Chevrolet or other fine car in splendid condition and as private as your own. Rent day or night, for an hour, a day, a week, or as long as you wish.

RESERVATIONS ... To be sure of a car when you need it, make a reservation in advance by calling your local Hertz station. They will reserve a car for use locally...or at the Hertz station in your destination city. If you prefer—and you have the correct station name and

address—write, wire or phone your reservation direct to your destination city. If there is no Hertz station in your home town, request your Hertz reservation through the Hertz Rail-Auto or Plane-Auto Travel Plan of the railroad or airline reservation office or your travel agency. Insist on Hertz service.

INSURANCE PROTECTION ... You are always sure that you are properly insured when you rent a car from any Hertz station.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ... Hertz Driv-Ur-Self service is available in over 450 cities and resort areas throughout the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Cuba and Hawaii. For complete information call your local Hertz station listed under "H", "Hertz Driv-Ur-Self", in the telephone book, or write Hertz Driv-Ur-Self System, Inc., Dept. 531, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.

TRUCKS ... Hertz is also the world's largest truck leasing and rental organization. Trucks are available at most Hertz stations for daily and weekly rentals or on long-term lease.

**RENT A NEW CAR FROM
HERTZ**
...drive it as your own



NOTE: To serve more cities and towns, licenses are being granted to responsible local interests to operate as part of the Hertz system. For complete information write Hertz Driv-Ur-Self System, Inc., Dept. 531, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.

Look in your telephone directory under "H" for your local Hertz station

YOU CAN RENT A NEW CAR FROM HERTZ AS EASY AS



Put your money on Comfort and Style as you get them in Arch Preserver Shoes by E. T. Wright . . . and you'll have the winning combination every day, all day long.

It's the famed Arch Preserver support features that give you the comfort . . . and it's the incomparable taste and skill of Wright craftsmen that give that unmistakable sleek, sophisticated smartness that characterizes every pair of Arch Preservers.

See these wonderful shoes at your nearest Arch Preserver dealer's. His name is in the classified phone book. E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Massachusetts.



For Women, Selby Shoe Co. • For Boys, Gerberich-Payne • In Canada for Men, Scott-McHale

Want to win the Daily Double every day?

anyone eating that number of chicken necks or heads, even ignoring the fact that practically every instance the pellet will have been completely absorbed by the chicken before it is marketed . . .

J. H. FLOREA

Mount Morris, Ill.

¶ TIME neither said nor implied that the sex criminal had eaten hormone-treated chickens.—ED.

Applause & Howls

Sir:

Your choice of Margaret Truman for the Feb. 26 cover—and the story of a daughter's independence—deserves lusty applause from the "Family Circle" of American readers . . .

CLARA K. MOREHART

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

I can hardly wait to read the howls . . .

H. G. JONES

Oak Ridge, N.C.

Sir:

. . . Margaret Truman is undoubtedly a nice girl, but she is definitely not a singer or artist, nor is she worthy of the fabulous income she enjoys . . .

WILL GARROWAY

Los Angeles

Sir:

. . . Were it not for her father, she would be unknown to the world . . .

A. M. BERRY JR.

Besumont, Texas

Sir:

TIME's policy in selecting front covers from people who make news must have changed to people who make noise . . .

MRS. F. C. HOFFMAN

Houston

Sir:

Thanks for a well-written story about a real American girl.

JOSEPH S. MYERS

Houston

Hear No Weevil

Sir:

Here is further evidence that some of your writers, who so often speak with "authority" about the South, know very little about the land of cotton:

In your Feb. 26 issue it is stated: "In the nation's cotton exchanges last week, it was quiet enough to hear a weevil nibbling a boll." Boll weevils have a long, hard bill, and they do not nibble a cotton boll. They puncture it.

HERBERT CARVER

Jackson, Miss.

Muted Rustle

Sir:

Thank you for your Feb. 26 tribute to the artillery support in Korea. It was specially pleasant to me, since I suffered 2½ years' service with the Air Corps in World War II after training and peacetime service in the Artillery. The impression the Air Corps boys then held—and possibly still hold—that artillery was an obsolescent arm, is effectively dispelled in your write-up . . .

For years I have complained about the weird sound effects that are supposed to represent shells in flight, only to be almost completely inarticulate when asked how they do sound. But the muted rustle of outgoing shells" is perfect . . .

J. CHARLES THOMPSON

Falls Church, Va.

fly



Canadian

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Writer Bill McHale is back in BUSINESS & FINANCE after three months' work for another weekly magazine, the London *Economist*. He didn't quit; he wasn't fired; he was lent, from TIME.



The lend-lease plan under which McHale worked began as an idea of T. S. Matthews, editor of TIME. In London one day last spring, Matthews had a talk with Geoffrey Crowther, editor of the *Economist*. Crowther agreed to give one of our writers "house room," but modestly insisted that he saw no way in which TIME would benefit. Matthews replied that he'd take the chance. So began McHale's tour of duty on the 117-year-old British publication.

His stay was a happy one from the start. In the first of his weekly letters back to Matthews, he wrote that the "Economists" had welcomed him politely enough to give him a "jam-on-jam feeling" the first day. He soon found himself treated as a "resident American oracle," expected to answer at the drop of a pencil such questions as "What is the first name of Senator Johnson from Texas?" and "What is a cookie-pusher?" The answer to these came easy, but occasionally he was joisted by deadpan requests to rattle off statistics—like the average number of short tons of zinc which U.S. industry normally had on hand at the end of the month.

He wrote at different times for each of the magazine's four sections (Home, Foreign, American and Business World), and supplied one or more articles for each issue. His research and writing included, among other things, reports on the Malayan rubber supply, the British electoral system, the Argentine-induced meat shortage, and the troubles of the Long Island Rail Road. He did a "leader" on the money fight between the U.S. Treasury and the Federal Reserve.

Meanwhile, he took a look at British industrial plants, and lived in London with wife Connie, an ex-WAVE. McHale liked the easy informality at the *Economist*, which, like TIME, is a "first-name outfit." The English writers were always ready for a 20-minute chat on any subject, from the sad state of African groundnuts to the poor taste of American movies. Said he: "They speak with such conviction, fluency and lucidity, even when they are talking absolute tripe."

Before McHale left, Crowther stamped the experiment a success by picking one of his men to send over in October to begin a writing hitch on TIME. We look forward to this chance to repay the *Economist's* hospitality.



WRITER MCHALE

Here's a letter that came last week from Arthur W. Sheppard, a TIME-reader in São Paulo, Brazil:

"Probably you have never heard of the small town of Garça in the interior of the state of São Paulo, twelve hours by train from the city of São Paulo. The chances are that you would have continued not to be any the wiser, if I had not noticed today that TIME for Feb. 19, with the picture of Charles E. Wilson on the cover, was for sale there in a small bookstall.

"The irony is that the owner of the bookstall is a registered Communist, but when it comes to business, he is perfectly willing to take advantage of a superb distribution system that only an efficient, progressive, capitalistic magazine like TIME could make available, at a reasonable price, in the most remote corners of the world on the same date that is printed on its cover."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

No Time for Illusions

Cheered by the news from Korea and the lack of news about Russia's intentions, the U.S. indulged its constitutional tendency to optimism. In the war theater there was no such feeling. One day last week, General Douglas MacArthur flew to the Han River front. After his inspection he slowly dictated a statement to front-line reporters.

The Communists will never dislodge U.N. forces from Korea, he vowed; the strategy in Korea was working all right. There had been "exhausting attrition upon both [the enemy's] manpower and supplies." But, said MacArthur, "there should be no illusions in this matter." Unless there are "major additions" to U.N. strength, unless "the existing limitation upon our freedom of counter-offensive action" is lifted, "the battle lines in the end will reach a point of theoretical stalemate."

In Korea, the U.S. and its allies were up against an implacable and callous will, which shocked even the old Asiatic campaigner, Douglas MacArthur. "That they should continue this savage slaughter despite an almost hopeless chance of ultimate military success . . . displays a complete contempt for the sanctity of human life." And faced with that, he was raising once again the question of all-out attacks by air and by sea against bases in China as possibly the only way to end the bloodshed. MacArthur put it up to U.N. Decisions beyond his authority as "the military commander," he said, "must provide on the highest international levels an answer to the obscurities [of] Red China's undeclared war in Korea."

MacArthur was not talking about colored pins on a staff officers' war map. He was talking about thousands of human lives—Chinese troops sent in to be slaughtered, a U.S. war-death list that had averaged 245 a week since the war began. But in Washington there was only silence. U.S. policymakers had weighed the question and made their decision: the risk of making war against the Chinese in China was too great; it might bring into the conflict Russian aircraft and Russian submarines.

So far as Washington was concerned, there was no immediate decision to make. The decision still rested with Red China. Washington knew that Mao was planning one more major offensive. If that failed,



MACARTHUR
Against an implacable will.

China might decide to acknowledge the terrible efficiency of General Matthew Ridgway's "Operation Killer" (see WAR IN ASIA) and consider a cease-fire. But for the moment, there appeared to be nothing to do but continue the strategy of attrition.

THE CONGRESS

A Hash & a Hedge

"This is the day," said Texas' Senator Lyndon Johnson, "that all of us who have fought for national defense have been waiting for." Last week, after months of wearying debate, the Senate finally came to grips with the first two major issues of

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The U.S. Defense Department reported 1,773 more U.S. battle casualties in Korea, bringing the announced total since June to 52,448. The breakdown:

DEAD	8,853
WOUNDED	33,781
MISSING	9,814

Total casualties by services: Army, 43,598; Marines, 7,838; Navy, 596; Air Force, 416.

the 82nd Congress: the extension of the draft bill (due to expire July 9) and the dispatch of troops to Europe. But before the week was out, the Congress seemed on the verge of making a hash out of one and a hedge out of the other.

It had started out auspiciously enough. By an overwhelming 75-to-5 vote,* the Senate not only passed a draft act; it passed a universal military training measure along with it. Recommended in the beginning by George Washington, bitterly opposed by religious leaders, many educators, beaten by every congressional body which had ever considered it, UMT at last had the endorsement of at least one congressional wing.

Measure for the Future. It was not the Senate's idea that UMT would begin to operate immediately. But the Senate, following the recommendations of the Pentagon, would fit UMT into long-term military planning, once the present crisis passed. Then, the measure would require every 18-year-old to take six months' training, sign up thereafter for a choice of standby military duties. On most of the draft bill's other measures, the Senate was also willing to accept the word of the Pentagon. The bill would:

¶ Lower the draft age to 18, with only the qualification that local draft boards must induce all available 19-to-26-year-olds first.
¶ Raise draftees' service from 21 to 24 months.

¶ Give the President authority to defer annually some 75,000 specialized students (to be selected by a civilian board).
¶ Allow men between 18-18½ to enlist in the National Guard and Organized Reserves, and be deferred from the draft, until the Defense Secretary decided that those organizations are adequately filled.

Ceilings: 4,000,000. But at that point the Senate began to haggle. The Pentagon wanted no limits on its authority to call up as big an armed force as it might think necessary. In the dark days after the North Korean invasion, Congress had removed all statutory ceilings. But now the Senators were feeling a little more relaxed. They began thinking again about senatorial prerogatives. Wayne Morse of Oregon, nominally a Republican but actually a no-party man, prepared an amendment which would limit current mobilization to 3,500,000—just about the figure

* The five, all Republicans: Dirksen (Ill.), Jenner (Ind.), Langer (N.Dak.), Schaeppel (Kans.), Welker (Idaho).

the Pentagon had set as its current goal. The Pentagon violently objected. George Marshall wrote: "A direct gamble with national security . . . The armed forces have never been throttled with a mandatory ceiling in the midst of a period of great emergency." But the Senate was not impressed. It did raise Morse's figure. But at the risk of constricting the armed services at just the moment when they might need to call up more reserves or National Guard divisions, it put a ceiling of 4,000,000 on mobilization plans—and reaffirmed Congress' right to determine the size of the nation's armed forces.

Another Look. Obviously, the Senate was beginning to feel its constitutional oats. Its burgeoning concern for congressional rights also lit up the argument over the resolution on presidential authority to send troops to Europe. The chairmen of two major committees, Texas' Tom Connally (Foreign Relations) and Georgia's Richard Russell (Armed Services), put together a resolution designed to end the Great Debate by giving Senate approval to the Administration program. The Connally-Russell wording simply advised the President, before committing any more troops than the six U.S. divisions now planned, to get an O.K. from the J.C.S. and consult with the appropriate congressional committees.

Non-isolationist Republicans and Southern Democrats, who were for the general idea, suddenly reared back for another look. It was clearly stated in the report on the North Atlantic Treaty that the whole Congress should not be deprived of any power in implementing the pact. The House as well as the Senate should have something to say in the matter.

New Jersey's H. Alexander Smith wrote an amending section which read: "Congressional [meaning Senate and House] approval should be obtained of any policy requiring the assignment of American troops abroad." The committee unanimously voted it out.

Yes—but No. What Smith intended to do, what the committees thought he had done, was to write an amendment merely requiring the House to join in the sentiments of the Connally-Russell sections before the President assigned any troops to Europe beyond the six divisions already scheduled to go. But the result was utter confusion. The Connally-Russell section said yes to the President. The Smith amendment actually said no. The resolution appeared to require congressional approval before the President could send any ground troops at all to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization army.

This week Connally and Russell called their baffled committees together again to try and smother the strange two-headed monster, or at least operate on its extra, nay-saying head. But considerable damage had already been done. The Senate's blooper gave impetus to a new isolationist drive in the House. There, some Republicans talked of attaching to the draft bill a rider limiting the President's power to assign troops to Europe.

The House also cast a jealous eye on the Senate's draft bill. Georgia's Carl Vinson, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, had his own bill which would push UMT off for consideration some time in the future, hold the draft age minimum at 18½. As long as the news from Korea was of victories instead of defeats, the Administration could expect to find hedges that had yet to be hurdled all along the legislative road of its military program.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Point for Point Four

In the two years since Harry Truman pulled Point Four out of a hat and stuck it into his inaugural speech, it has remained largely a plan without a program. But last week a board headed by Nelson Rockefeller and comprised of representatives from business, labor, agriculture, health and law, handed the President a carefully worked out program for giving point to Point Four.

The board proposed the creation of a massive Overseas Economic Administration, to absorb ECA and all foreign-aid programs now scattered among 23 U.S. agencies. It proposed the appropriation of \$500 million for OEA to spend on aid projects—railways, harbors, irrigation, health, training programs. It also proposed a \$200 million U.S. contribution to a \$500 million International Development Authority for the construction of public works.

But the board's major contribution was its emphasis on private enterprise and the provisions for its encouragement. Businessmen, wary of risking their capital in areas where currencies fluctuate wildly

and governments are unpredictable, were to be offered special inducements:

¶ Exemption of U.S. businesses in foreign countries from U.S. taxes, so that business profit abroad would be taxed only once.

¶ Bilateral treaties to eliminate discriminatory taxes against U.S. businesses.

¶ Establishment of a \$100 million authority in the Export-Import Bank to underwrite, for a fee, the transfer risks on new foreign securities. This would insure U.S. investors against the rise & fall of currency values.

¶ Creation of a new \$400 million International Finance Corp., affiliated with the International Bank, to make loans in foreign currencies to finance private businesses. U.S. contribution: \$150 million.

With such encouragement, the board thought that foreign investment by private enterprise should at least double the present \$1 billion-a-year rate. In addition, the board estimated, "two billion dollars energetically and strategically invested over the next few years could swell the outflow of vital materials from the undeveloped regions by \$1 billion a year. This increased production can best be carried out under private auspices."

MOBILIZATION

Deadlock

Organized labor's walkout from the defense mobilization agencies set off cries and counter-cries, conferences, viewings-with-alarm and fevered gesticulation all through the week. But Big Labor stubbornly stood fast. Its chief target, Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson, remained firm. Amid the noise and confusion, the rift over the administration of national mobilization seemed, if anything, to widen.

Wilson's refusal to waver in the face of the walkout was still unshaken when he flew to Key West to see President Truman. Before boarding his plane—and later at a press conference which followed his visit with the President—he summed up his impression of the dispute: labor had quit in a huff because it could not control manpower allocation between industry and the armed forces. Later, in Washington, he simply said: "I'm damned if I know what they want."

This set off another round of outraged complaints from the United Labor Policy Committee. Its grievance, it cried in effect, was the freeze on wages (at a ceiling of 10% above Jan. 1, 1950) while prices kept going up and Big Business went its merry way.

Economic Stabilizer Eric Johnston tried to oil the troubled waters in conferences with labor's bosses. He apparently cooled labor's fever only a few degrees. But this week the Administration made one oblique attempt at conciliation. The President appointed ex-Senator Frank P. Graham, former president of the University of North Carolina, onetime War Labor Board member and labor's good friend, as defense manpower administrator in the Labor Department.



George Skadding—LIFE
MOBILIZER WILSON
"Damned if I know."



Line Chart by V. Fuglini, Associated Press

THE ADMINISTRATION

"What Have I Got to Lose?"

[See Cover]

The tubby, baby-faced little man, smoking a long cigar, pattered into the dining room of the National Press Club one day last week, ate a lunch of roast beef, carrots & peas with obvious zest, and sat back to hear himself introduced. Then Price Stabilizer Michael Vincent Di Salle got to his feet—an act which added little to his height—and glanced over his shoulder. "I still can't get used to people getting up when I'm introduced," he began. "I always look behind me to see if a bishop has walked in." He paused professionally to let the laughter run.

"I have made a few speeches around the country," Di Salle went on, deadpan, "and been gratified by the crowds which attended. Afterwards I find out they are all looking for jobs." (More laughter.) "I managed to bring quite a few people down here from back home. Matter of fact, it's getting so when you meet someone going down the street, you ask whether he's from Independence or Toledo," (Guffaws.) "Before making my formal talk, I'd like to extend my apologies to you fellows who lost money betting on whether I'd be here for three months or not. Bets are on for the next three months, and the odds are still good." (Applause and haws.)

For another 25 minutes, he kept the newsmen and their guests holding their sides and choking with appreciative laughter. When he finished, Washington's toughest, most jaded audience gave him a standing ovation.

Pooh with Alterations. Casual, wisecracking Michael Di Salle, 43, does not give off those portentous creaking sounds that Washingtonians expect from a big wheel in the Government. He does not look much like a jolly caricature—a real-life Winnie-the-Pooh, with slight alterations made at Walt Disney's drawing board. He does not reach quite high enough (5 ft. 5½ in.); he weighs too much (215 lbs.); he balloons out too far at the middle (44-in. waist). A bashful mustache perches below his nose. His mouth, always ready to smile, surrounds a small boy's teeth, with the

necessary aperture in the center for whistling and spitting. Elfin ears peek self-consciously around his rosy Pooh cheeks. He dresses in department-store suits, noisy ties and unshined shoes.

Mike Di Salle seems simply too happy, too exuberant, too relaxed and too candid to be a front-line general in the nation's fight against inflation. On top of that, he is not an economist and not a prominent businessman; he is not even listed in *Who's Who*. When President Truman asked him last fall to head the Office of Price Stabilization, he was just the mayor of Toledo, an unpretentious lawyer and oft-defeated Democratic politician. But there he was last week, perched precariously on one of the hottest seats in town, like a beach ball on a trained seal's nose.

As the nation's price stabilizer, Mike Di Salle is the man who is supposed to lasso prices at their highest level in history and hog-tie them—preferably by tomorrow morning, before the neighborhood A & P opens for business. He has to control prices, but he has no power over wages, on the other side of the balancing economic scales. He is supposed to keep food prices down, but the law prevents him from tampering with most farm prices. With one ear he has to listen to the complaints of wage earners and housewives over rising prices; with the other, he tunes in on the desk thumps of Pentagon brass demanding special price exemptions for vast orders of critical materials, and the bleats of lobbyists, Congressmen and Senators, who are all for price control so long as it doesn't control the dried bean or the beefsteak or the cotton boll or the sphagnum-oscillometer.

The high winds of labor trouble, special interest pressures, politicking and contradictory objectives whistling through Washington are already rattling the windows of Di Salle's office in a drab, slab building known as Tempo (for temporary) E. They may grow strong enough any day to blow down the whole stabilization shebang, Di Salle included.

But the little man from Toledo boasts the big winds blandly, a smile on his face and an endless stream of wisecracks, wise sayings and smart answers on his lips. He arrived in Washington with a typical quip: "I've come here," Di Salle announced,

"with the unanimous approval of everybody in Toledo. Half of them were happy to see me move up and the other half were glad to get me out of town." He has been joking about himself ever since.

"I'm just a front man here," he likes to explain, dredging up an old political story about a man who wanted to be postmaster. The man could not read or write so he was rejected. "Looka here," he protested, "I'm not asking to be *assistant* postmaster—just postmaster!" Di Salle adds that when he took the job all he knew about the price situation was that 1) his wife Myrtle thought prices were far too high, 2) he once represented a few businessmen against the old OPA, and 3) in an unsuccessful bid for Congress in 1946, he spoke out against price controls in peacetime.

The *Pulse of a Politician*. Mike Di Salle's appearance and manner are disarming. Beneath them throbs the pulse of a canny politician—an intelligent, infectious man with an appetite for hard work, a knack for profiting by others' mistakes, and ambitions to be elected some day to something bigger than mayor of Toledo. By Washington standards, Di Salle is a local yokel—a man whose political experience had been bounded by Toledo's city limits, and whose hide has not been soaked long enough in the brine of the big time to stand up against the buffets of the big leagues. But brine is brine, in small town or large; Mike has been pretty well soaked.

He is not awed by the brighter lights, wider streets or glossier marble of the national capital. "You know," he said recently, "the whole U.S. is just an extension of Toledo. I go to a Senate committee hearing and I can always pick out a fellow who reminds me of a councilman back in Toledo. So I talk to him. They're just people, you know."

The habits and tricks Di Salle learned in Toledo work well in Washington. He has the staying power of a stevedore ("I don't quit easy") and a temperament as smooth as Devonshire cream. He rents a two-room apartment—but is rarely there except to sleep (making his own bed afterward) or to fry an occasional egg. By 8 o'clock, he pops into his simple office in Tempo E and opens his door to all comers. After a day of interviews, mobilization meetings and sessions on Capitol Hill, he

goes back to work until 1 or 2 a.m. most mornings—sometimes with aides, other times alone.

He has captivated Washington correspondents with his candor, his willingness to take on all questions, his 24-hour-a-day readiness to answer reporters' telephone calls. Most members of Congress seem to feel the same way about him. Even when it is intent on boiling him in oil or chopping his authority out from under him, the Congress experiences a strange melting sensation around the icy fringes of its will power whenever Mike Di Salle paddles up to Capitol Hill to testify.

A Good Country. One secret of Mike Di Salle's success is that he is a politician, and not ashamed of it. Since his school-days, his eye has been out for the political chance, and his vision is still 20-20. He reads all the Ohio Sunday papers and the political columnists, keeps track of men who are up & coming, and takes pains to meet new personalities and spread his own name around. He is not one to dull the 24-carat political sheen of his own background—the son of poor Italian immigrants who made something of himself. And he is not bashful about draping that fact with the Stars & Stripes. Yet there is nothing manufactured or insincere about Mike Di Salle's feeling for his country—it is one of the few things about which he makes and tolerates no jokes.

Often he marvels out loud at what has happened to him. "My father came to this country as a boy of 14. He came here alone and he found an opportunity to work and raise a family . . . I used to think it was corny to hear people make speeches about the Statue of Liberty and all that sort of thing. I never think of it as corny any more. This country has been good to my father and it has been good to me. I've never ceased to marvel that out of a good many people I've been picked to do something like this for my country."

When it comes to doing something he thinks his country needs, Di Salle lets no one stand in his way. Last week it was the cotton bloc, a group which shot gaping holes through price control in World War II. This time it came marching up out of the Southland to bang away at one of the most important bulwarks of Di Salle's program—the new ceiling price on raw cotton.

For three hours one morning, Mississippi's rabid John Rankin, South Carolina's Burnet Maybank and half a dozen other cotton legislators abused, battered and threatened Di Salle. With a decisiveness and political courage seldom shown in Washington these days, Di Salle stuck to one answer: "If there is no ceiling price on raw cotton, the entire stabilization program is doomed."

The cotton men shouted some more. But Mike Di Salle sucked another cloud of smoke from his $\frac{1}{2}$ panatela and stood his ground. "Raw cotton has been frozen at 125% of parity," he explained. "If parity is a fair price—which it is by definition—then 25% more than fair is fair enough."

For that the cotton men had no logical answer: logic or no, they were out to knock the ceiling off cotton.

When the hearing finished, however, a Mississippi cotton grower walked over to Mike Di Salle, shook his hand warmly and said: "I don't like your order, but I sure do admire your courage." Grinned Mike Di Salle: "The only thing that can happen to me is that I might have to go back to Toledo. And I like Toledo."

Pots of Pasta. Like the Jeep, Libbey-Owens-Ford glass and Toledo Scales, Mike Di Salle is a made-in-Toledo product. He was born in a tenement in Manhattan's Little Italy, but when he was three his



Toledo Blade
His Honor Mayor Di Salle
Advice for on-ex-king.

parents, Anthony and Assunda, moved to Toledo. In those days, the Di Salle family (expanded by three more sons and three daughters after Mike), lived the skimpy life of a factory worker's family. Papa Di Salle made wine in the cellar, fixed the kids' shoes and cut their hair; mama perked over steaming washtub-size pots of *pasta* and ruled her brood with a stern Catholic hand.

From the time he was 14, Di Salle worked summertime in factories. With help from his father ("I still don't know how that man did it"), he went to Georgetown University for two years as an undergraduate and three in the law school. One day in his third year, looking for a place to live, he called at a house with room for rent and was greeted by the landlady's daughter. He rented the room and, 15 months later, married the daughter—Memphis-born Myrtle England. From papa Di Salle came a curt pronouncement: if Mike was old enough to get married, he was old enough to support himself.

The result of that ultimatum was the Lightning Messenger Service—"Quick as a Flash." With a rickety model T, 5,000 blotters printed on credit and a borrowed telephone, Di Salle soon worked up a brisk business to support his wife and still keep on at law school. Di Salle finished law school (at 23), but had a dispute with the dean. "It was all a question of degree," says Mike. "I didn't get it." (Now that he has come up in the world and the law school has a new dean, Di Salle will soon get a retroactive law diploma.) Then with his wife and his first daughter, Antoinette, Mike headed back to Toledo and moved in with his parents.

The Big Politeesh. It was the bottom of the Depression, and to make matters worse, father Di Salle had lost his job. To keep the family in spaghetti and tomato paste, Tony Di Salle started a small metal-plating business in the garage. Surprisingly, it prospered (and today grosses over \$1,000,000 a year). Mike himself progressed more fitfully than the backyard business. Neither commerce nor the law satisfied him. "Some kids like to be cop," Mike's father once explained, "some kids like to be fireman. But Mike—he wants to be the big politeesh."

Mike practiced law sporadically, taught commercial law briefly at a Catholic high school, nibbled at the first political fare he could find—some insignificant but educational jobs with the federal Home Owners' Loan Corp. and a job in Toledo's municipal law department. What he yearned for was political office. After one false start, he made it—a term in the state legislature. In 1941, he was elected to the Toledo city council and made himself so popular he was re-elected four times. For two terms, he also served as vice mayor.

In that job, Di Salle came all the way out of the cocoon. He polished up the old idea of a labor peace committee, called it the Toledo Citizens' Labor-Management Committee, and made it an outfit which piloted industrial Toledo through the reconversion period with a minimum of strikes—and also began to make Mike Di Salle's name known throughout the state and in many parts of the U.S. On at least one occasion, the vice mayor showed he had courage enough to sacrifice votes to principle. He thought Toledo needed a city income tax to pull itself out of a financial hole; the town's potent C.I.O. opposed it. Di Salle, although he was running for Congress at the time and needed every vote he could get, exposed himself to boos and invective at a big C.I.O. mass meeting where he argued for the proposal. Despite the C.I.O. opposition, he pushed it through a city referendum. He also lost the race for Congress.

The Name Is Mike. But he soon snapped back. In 1947, Toledo elected him mayor. Under the city manager plan, it was really a ceremonial post, but Di Salle quickly converted it into a 14-hours-a-day career. He bounced around town like a loose basketball to attend meetings, sport events and dinners, perform good deeds and hear complaints. Borrowing

from one of his political idols, the late Fiorello La Guardia, he would don a whitewing's uniform and sweep a street or peer owlishly from a Toledo newspaper in Indian headdress. When Michael of Rumania stopped at Toledo three years ago, the ex-king remarked with amusement that everybody called the mayor "Mike." "If more people called you Mike," replied Di Salle, "you might still be king."

From the old workingman's South End neighborhood, where he lived for years, Mike moved to the fashionable Maumee River section of the city, buying a big white stucco house with "the biggest mortgage on the block." There, some 25 Di Salles of three generations and any number of guests converge on weekends. They devour mountains of Myrtle's *antipasto*, *prosciutto*, spaghetti, pork and chicken, and then, with a pot of *café espesso* at hand, swim for the rest of the afternoon in the warm gurgling current of Italo-American argument and gossip.

Two Suitcases. But by last fall Mike was getting restless again. He tried with little success to beat out State Auditor Joseph ("Jumping Joe") Ferguson for the Democratic nomination to the U.S. Senate and the honor of being shellacked by Republican Bob Taft. He was already beginning to think about 1952 when the telephone rang last November and Washington offered him the OPS job. By coincidence, it was Eric Johnston who put Mike Di Salle up for the job—weeks before Johnston himself moved into the mobilization picture as Di Salle's immediate superior. Johnston had heard a lot about the Toledo mayor from a Di Salle booster in Washington.

Mike accepted on the spot, and with a characteristic wisecrack, "What have I got to lose?" he asked. "After all, I've only got one political life to give to my country." Then he packed two suitcases, kissed his wife and five children goodbye, and headed for Washington to take over OPS.

"Do Something." It did not take more than a few days to show Di Salle that he was not going to mesh with his boss, Economic Stabilizer Alan Valentine. His nose for political weather also told him that Valentine was not built to last long in the pernicious Washington climate ("I think it's a wonderful town," says Di Salle, "but I don't think the country could stand two of 'em"). When action-loving Charles E. Wilson moved in to take supreme command of mobilization, it was busy, good-humored Mike Di Salle who seemed to Wilson to spell "do something"; it was nervous, cautious Alan Valentine who seemed to spell "do nothing" (actually Valentine did want to do something, but just couldn't seem to get along with it).

Di Salle came forward with a well-timed proposal for a 30-day price freeze to let OPS study the price situation. Valentine vetoed it. With that slight push, Economic Stabilizer Valentine fell and Price Boss Di Salle's promoter, Eric Johnston, moved in. It was Di Salle's first fight in Washington, and he came out

of it without a bead of sweat on his brow.

He let nothing ruffle him. "You know how it is here," he said. "We get a crisis every 20 minutes. But the thing that makes it bearable is this—I'll bet you can't remember what last week's big crisis was."

But Di Salle was under no illusions about the enormous difficulties ahead. Prices were already at an alltime high and still climbing. Unlike the OPA days, when the U.S. was just picking itself up after the Depression, the nation's economy was already bulging with inflationary pressures. Di Salle clamped on a general price freeze that was admittedly just a stopgap. But at least it was a beginning. "The trouble around here," said Mike, "is that everybody is so afraid of making a

tighten credit and Congress gets the courage to increase taxes."

Back home in Toledo, Myrtle Di Salle fears it will also take something more. "Mike is very good at figuring things out," she said. "If there is a way to figure it out, he will find it. But he can't do it alone. Labor has got to stop yapping for more money. Business has got to stop being greedy. Farmers have got to stop expecting higher & higher prices. Everybody has got to help on this job. That's the only way Mike can succeed."

That is just the sort of talk optimistic Mike Di Salle has come to expect from his severest critic. "When the Government got me," he says, "it got not only a price stabilizer, but a chairman of the consumers' advisory committee at no extra cost."

POLITICAL NOTES

Alltime Low

Only 28% of U.S. voters approved the way President Truman is doing his job, Pollster George Gallup reported this week. It was an alltime low for Harry Truman's political popularity, which hit its previous bottom (32%) in October 1946, just before the Democrats' disastrous drubbing in the off-year congressional election.

Back-Room Choice

No matter what the voters thought, a majority of 46 Democratic leaders polled by the United Press last week cast their straw ballots for Harry Truman. But the real news of the poll was their second choice, if the President decided to step down. The strong favorite: Illinois' independent-minded Senator Paul Douglas.

War Cry

The Republican Party—which has not had a winning campaign slogan since 1946's "Had Enough?"—last week reached back to the 19th Century in search of another. In Elgin, Ill., Republican National Chairman Guy George Gabrielson suggested that in view of the RFC scandal (see *Investigations*), there was nothing more appropriate for the G.O.P. in 1952 than the phrase used by the Democratic Party in 1884. The slogan: "Throw the Rascals Out."

Gamblers: Note

After the death of Missouri's Democratic Representative John B. Sullivan last January, a young Republican lawyer named Claude I. Bakewell started campaigning for the vacant seat from St. Louis' Eleventh Congressional District. The Eleventh, containing most of the city's Negro population, nearly all its organized labor and some of its finest homes, had been almost solidly Democratic since New Deal days. One of the exceptions was in 1946, when Bakewell was swept into Congress for one term by the new Republican broom. This time, Candidate Bakewell had a ready-made campaign issue. He struck out at the city's powerful new Democratic machine, run by Lawyer Mor-



ERIC JOHNSTON

The climate was pernicious.

mistake that nobody gets anything done. We are bound to make some mistakes."

Still Going Up. Since then, Di Salle's main preoccupation has been to preside over a controlled thawing of the freeze, to iron out inequities and build an overall system of controls that will keep prices from soaring through the roof. He does not pretend that any order he issues now can stop prices from rising still higher. They will climb at least another 5% or 6, Di Salle admits.

And they are not going to come down in the near future. Says Di Salle: "I want to be very careful not to give people the impression that they're going to start paying 1946 prices right away and make 1951 wages. That isn't in the cards." Di Salle simply hopes that his efforts will gradually slow down the rise. His goal is stabilization by midsummer.

There is no certainty that he will reach even that modest goal. The dispute over wage policy has to be settled before prices can really be controlled. Neither wages nor prices can be kept in hand unless the Government makes a serious effort to

ris Shenker and his partner, Sheriff Thomas F. Callanan, an ex-bootlegger.

Ignoring the machine's candidate, he hammered away at Shenker, at gamblers, bosses, and rackets. He kept plugging the fact that Shenker is one of St. Louis' busiest criminal lawyers, that he represented such big-time gamblers as C. J. ("Kewpie") Rich and Bookie James J. Carroll before the Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee (*TIME*, March 5). When Shenker announced that he would run his law practice to suit himself, Bakewell cried out that "a vote for Shenker is a vote for gamblers."

Last week, in a special congressional election, Lawyer Bakewell's campaign paid off. The day before election, St. Louis' Democratic Mayor Joseph M. Darst publicly repudiated Shenker; the C.I.O. Political Action Committee, which usually follows the Democratic line, refused to get out the vote. When the returns were in, Claude Bakewell had beaten the machine and Morris Shenker by 6,187 votes.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Open Door

The old man had one bad eye and one bad ear and a bad heart. He did not have any real friends in Washington; he was not much of a judge of people; and his memory was none too good. His name was Walter L. Dunham, and he was a director of the U.S. Government's \$1 billion Reconstruction Finance Corp.

Before the Senate Banking subcommittee investigating influence in the RFC, Director Dunham, 69, leaked excuses like a wet paper bag. But his story was the most detailed report yet of the sordid state of influence peddling, political wangling and general stockjobbing into which the once-great RFC had fallen.

The New Member. Dunham, a Republican and onetime president of a Detroit bank, pleaded that his was "a sad history of a businessman so naive and uninformed." When he came to Washington in 1949, said Dunham, Presidential Aide Donald Dawson told him that "top personnel matters of the RFC should be cleared through the White House" and asked pointedly whether Republican Dunham "could work in harmony with the Democratic Party." Dunham said he replied that he could "work in harmony with anybody."

Soon, Dunham testified, he was caught up in a social whirl. Before he had been in his office four days, the ubiquitous Merl Young called on him. He soon found, said Dunham, that Dawson, RFC Director William E. Willett, Merl Young and Young's employer, Rex Jacobs, a Detroit manufacturer, were "all close friends, and that I was obviously regarded as a new member of their social group." He lunched with them and dined with them. Sometimes they were joined by Democratic National Chairman William Boyle.

"They Dropped Me." Dunham kept diaries, instructed his secretary to listen in and make notations of each call. There

were 45 calls from or about Dawson, 151 from Boyle or his office. Mostly, Boyle or his men wanted him to see some "very dear friend" on an RFC matter. And in August 1950, the Democratic Committee called about a loan for Pacific Rubber Co., a tire company "wholly or partly owned" by President Truman's good friend Edwin W. Pauley. Mr. Dunham gave it—"I don't like to use the word special"—consideration because "we were anxious to have small businesses interested in rubber production."

But the social flies buzzed loudest around Dunham's head when he began taking an interest in the \$37.5 million Lustron loan. Dunham suddenly decided that Social Buddy Rex Jacobs was just the man to make a production survey of Lustron. Jacobs reported back that all



Associated Press

RFC's DUNHAM
A wet paper bag.

Lustron needed was a change in management—just about the time that an engineering firm reported officially that Lustron was hopeless and should be foreclosed. Next, Dunham heard a report that a "grab" of Lustron had been plotted at a house party at Jacobs' Florida ranch. Among the guests: Mr. & Mrs. Dawson, Merl Young and his wife Lauretta, the mink-coated White House secretary. Said Dunham: "Out of this Lustron matter came my first feeling of doubt . . . Shortly thereafter, it became apparent that my old 'friends' had cooled. They dropped me." "They" included Donald Dawson.

Dunham couldn't understand how all this came about. "I think I am lacking entirely in political sagacity," he said sadly. It now seemed clear to him that "some of the gentlemen . . . sought to use me. Somebody took me in, I guess. They were kind to me."

The Goat. Dunham insisted that Dawson himself had never tried to influence him on a RFC loan. But, he conceded,

"I think I have outlived my usefulness with the RFC." He had tentatively written out a resignation several weeks ago, he said, and gone to Florida for a vacation. There he got a call from RFC's Vice Chairman G. Edward Rowe. Rowe thought it "imperative" that he resign at once. "You just resign and say the committee crucified you," Rowe told him. "I think that will straighten out the whole matter." To be helpful, Rowe even dictated the letter for him, and left it on his desk for signature. Demanded Indiana's Senator Homer Capehart: "In other words, he wanted to make you the fall guy?" Said Dunham sadly: "I think that I was to be the goat."

By last week, the investigators had still to find any evidence of outright illegality in & around the RFC (though the Justice Department was busily reading the committee transcripts for evidence of perjury). But there was no doubt that the RFC had sunk a long way from the day when Jesse Jones could turn down a presidential suggestion on a loan with the remark: "Well, Boss, we are not running a charitable organization."

TRIALS

Judgment in the Hiss Case

This week the U.S. Supreme Court rejected the appeal filed by Alger Hiss, thus, in effect, affirmed the judgment of the lower courts in the dramatic Hiss-Chambers case. Hiss has two weeks within which to ask the Supreme Court to reconsider (which the Court is not likely to do). Succeeding steps: the circuit court of appeals (which has already affirmed his conviction) orders the trial court to carry out judgment—five years in prison for perjury.

Line of Retreat

The United Electrical Workers' James J. Matles knew just how to bait the House Un-American Activities Committee without getting gored. Unlike his Redlining colleague, Julius Emspak, who arrogantly refused to answer the committee's questions and was sentenced to jail for contempt of Congress (*TIME*, March 12), Matles carefully prepared his line of retreat. In Washington last week, the same federal judge who convicted Emspak threw out a similar contempt charge against Matles. Though their manners had been the same, a careful reading of the testimony convinced the judge that the committee understood "this defendant properly invoked his constitutional privilege against self-incrimination" before taking off on the committee.

Guilty

Oscar Collazo, the sad-eyed little Puerto Rican nationalist, had virtually no defense to offer for his part in last November's wild-eyed plot to assassinate President Truman. He could only insist that he and his fellow conspirator, Grisilio Torresola (who died during the furious gun battle on the Blair House sidewalk), had no intention of shooting the President; they

were simply staging a demonstration in behalf of Puerto Rican independence. In Washington federal court last week, the jury took only one ballot to decide on its verdict: guilty of the premeditated murder of White House Guard Leslie Coffelt. Because there was no recommendation of clemency, Collazo faces death in the electric chair.

The Faceless Men

Among the nation's scientists and technicians, neither Julius Rosenberg nor Morton Sobell is a conspicuous man. There are thousands like them; their names are unknown. Intense, spectacled, nondescript, they carry out the tedious testing of others' ideas, the intricate mechanical drudgery of the laboratory and the industrial plant. But last week Rosenberg, an electrical engineer, and Sobell, an electronics expert—two faceless men out of faceless thousands—were suddenly projected from anonymity into the hot glare of public scrutiny. They went on trial for a far-flung, sustained conspiracy to steal the U.S.'s most vital military secrets during and after World War II and deliver them to Soviet Russia. Maximum penalty: death.

Seated in Manhattan's federal courthouse, in the same courtroom where the eleven Communist leaders were brought to book, Defendant Sobell, 33, nervously scrubbed his fingers along his chin as the Government began its case. Tall and pale, Julius Rosenberg, 33, drummed on the counsel table; his wife, Mrs. Ethel Greenglass Rosenberg, indicted with them as a fellow conspirator, was the calmest. These three, the Government charged, were part of the spy transmission belt for which Physicist Klaus Fuchs (*see SCIENCE*) was a prime source and Chemist Harry Gold a key courier. The Russian contact for the ring was Anatoli Yakovlev, who was wartime Soviet vice consul in New York. "The evidence of the treasonable acts of each of these three defendants is overwhelming," U.S. Attorney Irving Saypol told the jury.

Friends & Relatives. The conspirators, said the Government, built their belt with friends, college chums and relatives. First the jury heard the college chum, Max Elitcher, a C.C.N.Y. classmate of both Sobell's and Rosenberg's, told how Sobell had recruited him into the Communist party in 1939, when both were working in the Navy's Ordnance Bureau, how Rosenberg and Sobell on various occasions had tried to get him to steal information on projects he worked on. But he insisted he had never actually delivered any information to them himself.

The relative had. Big, beefy David Greenglass, an ex-Army sergeant, was Mrs. Rosenberg's brother. He had been indicted along with the others, and had pleaded guilty. As a machinist, he said, he was assigned by the Army to Los Alamos' Manhattan Project in 1944, where he worked in the machine shop turning out apparatus from sketches drawn up by the scientists. In a voice that often dropped away to a

whisper, Greenglass testified that he had no idea what he was working on until his wife came to visit him on their wedding anniversary in November 1944—eight months before the first atomic bomb exploded at Alamogordo and at a time when security regulations were so strict that Los Alamos employees were required to use a Santa Fe post-office box address. Rosenberg had told his wife, said Greenglass, "that I was working on the atomic bomb. That was the first I knew of it."

Names & Sketches. His wife had visited the Rosenbergs. Witness Greenglass went on, and sister Ethel had pointed out that the Rosenbergs were "no longer involved in Communist Party activities, that they didn't buy the *Daily Worker* any more, or attend meetings . . . And the

thing he knew about the atomic project, Greenglass obliged and even added a sketch of a "lens mold" he was working on for use in the atom bomb itself. He drew a copy for the jury, and a Los Alamos scientist explained that these four-leaf-clover-shaped lenses were made of high explosives designed to focus detonation waves as an optical lens focuses light waves. This made an "implosion" rather than an explosion. The sketch, he said, was sufficient to show an expert "what was going on" at Los Alamos.

With Scissors. At the Rosenbergs, the conspirators arranged for future deliveries: Rosenberg tore the back off a package of Jello, took a pair of scissors and snipped the cardboard in half. One-half he gave to Greenglass' wife, the other he kept. The next time Greenglass saw the



THE ROSENBERGS & U.S. MARSHAL (CENTER)
A package of Jello.

International

reason for this is that Julius has finally gotten to the point where he is doing what he wanted to do all along, which was that he was giving information to the Soviet Union."

Julius thought Greenglass should give some, too, he told Greenglass' wife, arguing that "Russia was an ally and as such deserved this information, and that she was not getting the information that was coming to her." Said Greenglass: "I thought about it, and the following morning I told my wife I would give the information." Sergeant Greenglass told his wife the layout of the Los Alamos buildings, the number of workers, and the big names he knew—Dr. Robert Oppenheimer and a scientist known only as "Baker" who, Greenglass had learned, was really Dr. Niels Bohr. His wife, on Rosenberg's instructions, wrote none of the information down but dutifully memorized it all. On furlough in New York in January 1945, Greenglass really delivered.

Rosenberg asked him to write up any-

other half, was in Albuquerque. It was in the hand of Courier Harry Gold—an identification card. Greenglass gave Gold another lens-mold sketch, he said.

Then Greenglass dropped the biggest bombshell yet. In September 1945, he saw Rosenberg again, who handed him \$200 and told him it "came from the Russians." Rosenberg already knew about the Hiroshima-type bomb, had once described it to him. Greenglass told him something new. He gave Rosenberg a description of a later-type bomb—"a type which worked on an implosion effect." He also handed over a twelve-page report, including a sketch of the bomb itself. Greenglass testified stolidly. Before the fascinated jury he flourished a sample sketch that he had brought along with him and casually began explaining some of the inner workings of the bomb. At that, the security-minded judge hustled spectators from the courtroom. It scarcely seemed worthwhile—the horse had apparently been stolen years ago.

NEW YORK

"I Never Knew . . ."

Tradition is that chorus girls get mink coats the same way minks do. But Rosemary Williamson, a curvaceous and languorous blonde, who helped take the eyestrain out of such Broadway hits as *Peep Show* and *As the Girls Go*, dropped by the office of Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan one day last week to deny icily that this is true.

Her monologue was inspired by the fact that one Sidney M. Levy, a fast-talking



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
SIDNEY LEVY

He embarrassed her.

\$75-a-week textile salesman had just been thrown into the pokey for swindling several victims out of \$45,000 in a phony nylon deal. Sidney had been ungentlemanly enough to say that he had blown most of the swag on Rosemary, and Rosemary was afraid this was leading to a ghastly, ghastly misunderstanding. She considered Levy a "creep," she cried in tones of outraged virtue, and also a "congenital idiot." Her relations with him, she added firmly, had been only platonic. Then Rosemary poured out the classic story of the showgirl and the predatory stage-door Johnny.

Coffee for Two. Rosemary would never have tolerated Sid for an instant, she suggested, if their acquaintance had not begun on a simple note. A photographer had introduced them, and she treated Sid to a cup of coffee. She added that she only went out with poor boys and had presumed that he was busted enough to be eligible. To her horror, she discovered that this was not the case—Sid gave her a \$3,500 mink coat.

"Always the big shot," said Rosemary disdainfully. But she hadn't wanted to offend him. "I thought if it made him happy, fine. But . . . our relationship was never mad or romantic. I'm not the type of person to give anything to anybody for

anything, if you know what I mean." However, her troubles with Sidney increased. He got "terribly jealous and possessive," Said she, reminiscingly: "A real jerk!" And on top of that, he kept embarrassing her with more & more gifts.

Sidney gave her a \$5,200 diamond ring. He gave her \$600 worth of stone martens. He gave her a \$5,800 powder-blue Cadillac convertible. The Caddie was just too much. Rosemary sold it for \$3,800. Sid bought it back for \$4,000 and gave it to her all over again.

"That's Easy." "This creep forced the convertible on me," she insisted. Asked how a Cadillac could be forced on an unwilling girl, she answered, simply: "That's easy." After eight months of seeing Sidney, she decided that she just couldn't stand him any longer. "On dates I'd take him to the movies—I didn't want to look at him." Then Sidney got mad and threatened her and swore to take back his gifts. "If he had said 'I need the money,' I would have gladly given everything back, but when he got nasty I got mad and told him off." The mink coat, she added airily, had been stolen recently.

All this had been bruising enough to her spirits. While admitting that she could do "anything" on a stage, including "wiggling my ears," she was really a poetic type who hoped some day to do Shakespeare. But Sidney's getting himself in jail as a swindler had almost been the end of Rosemary. "I never knew he was in an illegal business," she cried, with a revealing confession that seemed to explain all: "He told me he was a gambler."

Frank & the Bird

Pearl River, N.Y., is only 22 miles from Times Square, but it is fully as quiet—or was until last week—as Moccasin, Mont., Hushud, Pa., or Clam, Va. Last week, as everyone in Pearl River will remember ("You can say that again, Mac")—as everyone in Pearl River will remember, Frank Perkins, a peaceful, pippin-faced youth of 21, went crow-hunting along the brackish banks of the Hackensack River.

Hardly had he gotten out of his car, 22 rifle in hand, when he spotted a crow. The crow flew. Frank followed, patiently afoot, past fallow fields, thin thickets, ragged coverts and other unfortunate evidences of that dilapidated state into which nature habitually falls in winter. The crow stopped occasionally, but it covered about half a mile, as an erratic crow flies, before it roosted invitingly in a tree just beyond a ramshackle, wooden building. Frank crossed a mossy log over a creek and got within 100 feet of his quarry. Balancing there, he drew a bead and fired.

Balls of Fire. At once the building blew up in his face. Five other buildings blew up too; one horrible, ear-splitting crash followed another. The sky was lost in smoke, balls of fire whanged in all directions, and the surrounding woodland was magically garnished by endless streamers of colored paper. Frank didn't know what to think. Not until hours later did he learn that the wandering crow had lured him to

the plant of the Barnabas Fireworks Co.

He fell backwards off the log into the mud, fled across the creek, dropped his rifle, yanked off his shoes, dived into the Hackensack River and swam it like a beaver heading for a woodyard. As he emerged dripping, on the other side, he thought, dazedly, that he ought to call the fire department. This was unnecessary. Windows had been broken and the populace jolted for miles around; the fire departments of Pearl River, Sparkill, Orangeburg, Park Ridge, Northvale and Montvale were already on their way. So were assorted ambulances and police cars.

The Question. Few of them reached the scene. Thousands of householders—all of whom concluded that an atomic bomb had gone off, and all of whom seemed possessed by the idea of getting radioactive as soon as possible—leaped into their cars and soon clogged the roads into impassability. Then they jumped out and hustled across fields toward the smoke.

As it turned out, there was little to see. The buildings had simply vanished. All the fireworks employees had left 20 minutes before the explosion, and there were no casualties. The big sensation of the whole affair was Frank, who dutifully dragged himself to the police and told all. But Frank didn't enjoy it. Because of the confusion, it took him hours to get home (where he found the windows broken and had two quick belts of whisky). As a result of his confusion, he was fined \$250 for shooting in a forbidden zone. But worst of all was The Question, which he expected to hear until he died.

"Frank," everyone asked, "Frank—what happened to the crow, Frank?"



ROSEMARY WILLIAMSON
She was horrified.

INTERNATIONAL

POLICIES & PRINCIPLES

Ike Speaking

General Dwight D. Eisenhower, to the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services committees, and to the world:

"You give me a small army of a dozen divisions, for example, and there is no Russian army in the world, short of some catastrophe. I couldn't possibly foresee, that could destroy them before we could do something about it . . . evacuate them or go back to a place where they were safe. For example, you could put a dozen American divisions in the Breton peninsula [in France], where they can be covered by our own sea and air power, and the Russians couldn't touch them to save their souls.

"Our 150 million enlightened people can still whip 190 million backward people . . . If they [the Russians] declare war now, they are really fools. They cannot win on the global picture instantly and quickly by a complete knockout. They would face a long, bitter struggle of attrition against the United States, and [the American] people—when they are united under an attack—are still the most powerful force on this earth under the Almighty himself . . .

"Use of the atomic bomb would be on this basis: Does it advantage me, or does it not, when I get into a war? Now, if I felt that the material destruction that I was going to accomplish was not equal to some moral or great reaction otherwise to this act, then I would abstain. If I thought the net was on my side I would use it instantly . . . The United States is not going to declare war or conduct an aggressive campaign. It is merely going to defend itself, and if someone, in spite of its peaceful purposes, jumps on it, I believe in using what we have in defending ourselves."

THE NATIONS

Stalemate in Paris

Philip Jessup, by vocation a professor of international law (Columbia) and by persuasion a liberal, tried hard all week to explain the meaning of objectivity to Andrei Gromyko, by vocation and persuasion a Communist. Professor Jessup had a hard job.

Since the Big Four Foreign Ministers' deputies were in Paris only to draft a program for a future conference of their bosses, Jessup and his British and French colleagues simply wanted to list topics of discussion, in an order that did not pre-judge their importance and in language that did not anticipate any decisions. Gromyko wanted a loaded agenda. He insisted that the first item must be "demilitarization" of Germany and safeguards against "remilitarization," the implication (which he expounded endlessly) being that the West was rearming Germany to attack Russia.

Patiently, U.S. Delegate Jessup replied that West Germany had no armed forces, and that the only "remilitarization" going on in Germany was in the Eastern zone, where the Russians have been building up a German Red army. The real cause of tension in Europe was "the overwhelming armaments of the Soviet Union."

All week, in the pink marble Palais Rose, the wrangling continued. When the U.S. proposed that the agenda include a



Russia's GROMYKO
No objectivist, he.

peace treaty for Austria, Gromyko agreed—provided Trieste was discussed also since, he argued, the allies had transformed Trieste into a base of aggression. Again & again, as he exhausted other arguments, Jessup tried to show Gromyko, with every conceivable shading and turn of phrase, that this kind of reasoning was not objective. Gromyko knew that. It was not his business to be objective.

The hospitable French spread a lunch for the delegates, hoping to ease the tension. Gromyko did make one minor concession, but still seemed unwilling to let the conference reach agreement. As the talks rolled into their second week, the delegates were still deadlocked.

ARMAMENTS

Help for Tito

Marshal Tito yelled bloody murder, louder and more impressively than ever before. His yell last week rose from a 48-page White Book on the "aggressive activities" of Russia and her satellites against Yugoslavia. Copies were delivered to the Western nations and to U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie.

Tito's government charged that Romania, Hungary and Bulgaria are carrying

on a "permanent little war" along Yugoslavia's borders. Specifically, the satellites are:

- ¶ Preparing full-scale mobilization;
- ¶ Armament at a furious pace, specifically, getting bombers and tanks from Moscow, in direct violation of peace treaties;
- ¶ Shifting civilian populations from border regions, building army barracks, airports and strategic roads;
- ¶ Carrying on large-scale maneuvers for "attack operations in the direction of Yugoslavia";
- ¶ Sheltering Russian troops, which constitute "direct military pressure" on Yugoslavia.

Dictator Tito rose from a sickbed (flu). Said he: "If I did not appear, you see, the Cominform would say I had been liquidated. We leaders of Yugoslavia are simply not permitted to be ill. But over there, when Stalin sneezes, it constitutes a tremendous contribution to the science of Marxism-Leninism." Seriously, he added: "Every inch of our land has been soaked in blood in the past, and, if necessary, it will be soaked in blood again. But it will remain ours."

The White Book and the rhetoric were obviously designed to show the Western world that Yugoslavia is not crumbling, but is in need of help. Tito has already asked for 1) an immediate \$30 million stopgap loan from the U.S. to keep Yugoslav factories running; 2) a long-term loan of \$105 million to carry on his floundering five-year plan; 3) permission to buy war planes in the West. Washington and London let it be known last week that such permission will be granted.

CHANCELLERIES

Embarrassing Guests

When Britain recognized Communist China 14 months ago, Malcolm MacDonal, British High Commissioner for South-East Asia, said in Singapore: "Recognition in China of the Communist ministers . . . does not involve any slackening of hostility here to the Communist terrorists . . ." But the Chinese Communist guerrillas in Malaya interpreted recognition as a sign of British weakness, and fought harder than ever.

Last week the British faced the logical consequence of their recognition of Red China. A peremptory cable from Peking demanded that Prime Minister Attlee permit a delegation from the Chinese People's Relief Committee to investigate "the condition of suffering overseas Chinese" in Malaya. Since London recognizes the passports of the Chinese People's Republic, the British Foreign Office may have difficulty in refusing the Red request.

Meanwhile, the Peking Reds continue to snub His Majesty's Government, refuse to exchange ambassadors. Peking uses British recognition to embarrass London's Foreign Office, and Britain gets no compensating advantage.

WAR IN ASIA

STRATEGY

It Hurts

In spite of what General MacArthur called a "stalemate" in Korea (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the Communists are being hurt more than the allies. In three days last week the allies claimed 20,000 enemy casualties. From Taipei, Formosa, whose intelligence on the Chinese mainland has proved excellent, came a report that Mao Tse-tung had decided to send 150,000 men of his Second Field Army, plus 60,000 "irregulars," to replace losses in Korea. Commanding the new troops was one of Red China's top generals, Liu Po-cheng, famed as the "One-Eyed Dragon."

The Pentagon estimated the proportion of Communist-to-U.N. casualties for the

surprise, the 25th overran its first day's objectives in a few hours. Early this week the expanding bridgehead threatened to cut enemy communication lines between Seoul and the Chinese behind-lines supply base at Chunchon.

In the center of the line, U.S. Marines, 1st Cavalrymen and British Commonwealth infantrymen tightened a semicircle around the key Chinese supply base of Hongchon. This week, a British tank spearhead was only five miles away.

The Reds had to make a costly and precipitate general withdrawal. On Wednesday, they lost an estimated 11,000 casualties. All week long, U.N. troops picked up weapons, ammunition and even some scarce food supplies which the enemy had left on the battlefield. Only on the far

made a loud splashing in the water. Then they retired, noisily chopped some wood, returned to the river and pushed out from shore several log rafts and a boat loaded with dummies in old Turkish uniforms. An artillery and mortar barrage provided "cover" for the phantom force.

The actual Turks on shore made a great racket sawing wood, banging with hammers and clinking empty oil drums together. In their enthusiasm, several Turks fell into the river. Although they failed to draw enemy fire from the opposite bank, the Turks, who take soldiering seriously, refused to admit that the byplay had been sport. Said their commander, Captain Nihw Evren: "The men understood that what they did was as important as the actual crossing. They were as agitated as if it had been."

Two miles downstream, the 25th Division made its crossing without much trouble, ground slowly northward.

MEN AT WAR

Star Dust in the Mountains

Some generals are music-minded, others not. The music-minded commander takes great interest in his outfit's band, believes firmly in its morale value. By last week Major General Claude B. Ferenbaugh, who took command of the 7th Division in January, had proved himself the most music-minded general in Korea.

Although they have only 28 instruments for 64 members, Ferenbaugh liberated the bandsmen from KP duty and other rear-area chores, ordered them to spend all their time making music—in the front lines whenever possible. The band's headquarters were moved up from the rear to a forward command post. In addition to the regular band for martial music, there is a 13-piece dance orchestra, a four-piece "billbilly combo," an eight-piece Dixieland jazz group, a "novelty group" for European folk songs and classics.

Recently the strains of *Star Dust* rolled out over a valley from a ridge which the G.I.s had taken just twelve hours before. Under the eyes of the tooting musicians, the Communist dead were still being removed from the battlefield.

Taps

On a big grey Navy transport in Yokohama, a bugler sounded taps. On the pier, another bugler echoed him. Fifty pressed steel caskets containing the bodies of U.S. fighting men killed in Korea* were loaded on to the ship, which slid out to sea under grey skies.

It was the first time in history that the U.S. had started returning its war dead to home soil while a war was still going on. Eventually the Army expects to send home all of the nation's Korean war dead.

* Including Major General Bryant E. Moore, one-time IX Corps commander, who died after a front-line helicopter crash (TIME, March 5).



U.N. PATROL ON THE HAN RIVER FRONT
Behind the lines, increasing activity.

last six weeks at 20 to 1. Said the Eighth Army's Matt Ridgway: "The allied ground, sea, and air forces have let a lot of air out of the inflated balloon of the Chinese military establishments. Meanwhile, in the degree to which we deflate her military reputation, we influence the thinking of millions & millions of people in Asia. Eventually it must react on the political actions of their government. This would be of tremendous importance."

eastern end of the front did the Communists counterattack.

Hard-pressed by the U.N. ground and air attacks, the enemy was having trouble in another quarter. Last week, for the first time, General MacArthur's communiqué mentioned the damage done to the Communist supply system by the "increasing activity of R.O.K. guerrillas and U.N. sympathizers behind the Communist lines."

THE ALLIES

Feint

The Turks in Korea are ingenious as well as indomitable.

When the U.S. 25th Division crossed the Han last week, the Turkish brigade attached to the division was ordered to make a diversionary feint two miles upstream. A company of infantry reinforced by engineers went to the designated spot,

BATTLE OF KOREA

New Push

In the clear weather that followed the first thaws, U.N. armies last week took the offensive again. This time, instead of holding their line south of the Han River, they crossed it. After a 50,000-round artillery preparation, 25th Division infantrymen slammed across the river at two points 15 miles east of Seoul. Taking the Reds

FOREIGN NEWS

GERMANY

Independent Again

Last week the Western powers kicked away some of the last blocks in the path of an independent West Germany. As agreed by last September's Council of Foreign Ministers, the Allied High Commission gave up most of its direct control over Germany's government. The Germans were authorized to set up a Foreign Ministry to handle their own diplomatic relations.

The Germans got this measure of self-government only after they had agreed to take responsibility for Germany's foreign debts and to share the burdens of Western European defense. But they are not yet fully independent. The Allies retain their German exchange controls and the veto power over decisions of the German government. The new Foreign Ministry may not deal either with the three Western powers or with Soviet Russia.

These limitations to their independence irritated Germans far more than the new concessions pleased them. Socialist Party Leader Kurt Schumacher snapped: "The way the occupation statute was revised resembles unfortunately the manners of a stingy merchant." Countermanded Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, trying to calm down public opinion: "A further progress . . . We should acknowledge this, and not fall into the mistake of saying no to everything."

The Allies should not be surprised in the future when the new German Foreign Office guides its policy solely by what Germans consider their own self-interest. German diplomats will probably try to wring every possible concession from the West, in return for German participation in Western European defense. From this point on, a major test of Western policy will be how firmly and skillfully it deals with an independent Germany.

ITALY

Tooth & Nail

A fortnight ago, the government of Premier Alcide de Gasperi narrowly escaped a parliamentary defeat when dissatisfied wings of his own Demo-Christian party voted against their chief on a minor issue. Last week, De Gasperi faced a parliamentary test on a major issue: defense. Up for approval by Italy's Chamber of Deputies was a government bill asking for 250 billion lire (\$400 million) to modernize Italy's armed forces. Said De Gasperi: "This battle I do not fear."

Minister of Defense Randolfo Pacciardi opened the debate for the government. Said he: "Since 1945, there has been only one imperialistic expansion movement in Europe—that of the Soviet state . . . The war potential of Russia and East Asia mounts to astronomical figures . . ." That, said Pacciardi, was the "one & only reason" for Western Europe's defen-

sive effort. Pacciardi relentlessly drove the debate toward the issue of loyalty to country, which had caused the recent split in the Italian Communist Party (TIME, Feb. 12). Turning to the Red benches, he cried: "If tomorrow Russia attacked Italy, would you fight against Russia?"

In the anger of debate, the Red deputies forgot themselves so far as to tell the truth. In chorus, they shouted: "Mai, mai! [never, never!]" A moment later, some of the cooler heads snapped back to a less candid expression of the Party line with shouts of: "Provocateur!" and "Russia will never attack any country!"

But Pacciardi had made his point. The windup of his two-hour speech brought down the house: "We want peace, but it is necessary to convince those who want war that the peace-loving peoples will defend their freedom and independence, if necessary, with pickaxes, with their nails, with their teeth."

Then De Gasperi asked the chamber to express its confidence. The debate boiled on for six hours, ended in a walkout of Red deputies. The chamber voted for the bill, and for De Gasperi, 325 to 16.



MORRISON

Shuffle

Ernest Bevin, who for months had refused to resign as Foreign Secretary, quit last week on his 70th birthday, crippled by heart disease, asthma, piles. Attlee gave him another post: Lord Privy Seal, a Cabinet position with no specific duties and with a salary of £5,000 a year. Bevin will act as an elder statesman, advise his Cabinet colleagues on foreign affairs and labor problems.

GREAT BRITAIN

Shuffle

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Into Bevin's job of Foreign Secretary stepped Herbert Morrison (see box), who will also continue to be Deputy Prime Minister. Another of Morrison's posts, majority leader in the House of Commons, went to James Chuter Ede, 68, a teetotaling, non-smoking former schoolteacher. Ede will stay on as Home Secretary, a job he has done quietly and well since 1945. Viscount Addison, 81, Labor's leader in the House of Lords, will get a third Morrison post: Lord President of the Council.

The changes added no luster to a dim Cabinet, getting steadily dimmer. But

CAGEY PIXIE

Successor to Canning, Palmerston, Salisbury, Britain's new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs: Herbert Morrison.

Born: Jan. 3, 1888, in drab Brixton, South London. His father was a policeman, his mother had been a housemaid. Lost his right eye when three days old in a domestic accident which neither he nor his relatives will explain.

Education: Left elementary school at 14.

Business Career: Errand boy, shop clerk, telephone operator in a brewery, assistant circulation manager of a Labor newspaper.

Political Career: At 27 became part-time secretary of the newly formed London Labor Party (salary: £1 weekly). Conscientious objector in World War I. Elected to Parliament in 1923, appointed Minister of Transport (1929-31) in Britain's second Labor government. Later (1934-40) became a dynamic leader of the London County Council, concentrated on clearing the Dickensian squalor of London's slums, had notices put up in schools saying: "The teacher may be wrong. Think for yourself."

In Churchill's coalition cabinet of World War II, he was Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, responsible for civilian defense. Since Labor came to power in 1945, Morrison has been Attlee's heir apparent and chief adviser on political strategy. In his triple capacity as Deputy Prime Minister, Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Commons, he had his hands on all legislative and administrative machinery.

Appearance: Wears plain, ready-made suits and an almost perpetual grin; has been described as Socialism's happy pixie. He has an obstinate cowlick that hangs over his forehead. Complained Tory M.P. Sir Waldron Smithers last week: "He never brushes his hair or gets it cut. How can he get abroad and win that respect or give that leadership which is so necessary if this country is to survive?"

Private Life: Married, has one daughter, Mary, 29. Loves to dance (especially the energetic waltz or polka), enjoys a drink. Likes to watch television and thinks receivers ought to be cheaper so that everybody can have one.

Appraisal: As Foreign Secretary, Morrison will probably keep Britain on the course set by his one-time bitter rival and recent friend, Ernest Bevin. Morrison, a cagey leader, will do nothing to divide the Labor Party—and this may be his greatest weakness in a time when Britain needs a more vigorous foreign policy. Above all other considerations, he wants Labor to stay in office. Morrison quips: "Maybe I wasn't born to rule, but I've got used to it."



COTER'S NEWS AGENCEY

COZY CAVE (with curtained windows) near Kidderminster, England, has been the castle of Mr. & Mrs. Texas Carnill for three years. Their landlady, trying to evict them, will fail if the court holds a cave is a home within the meaning of the Rent Acts.

they were, from Attlee's viewpoint, safe & sane. Cause for mild rejoicing: neither brilliant opportunist Hugh Dalton nor blatant opportunist Aneurin Bevan, both anti-U.S., got the Foreign Office.

A Proper Joke

The *Watlington Flyer* is a friendly little train that chugs the nine branch-line miles between Princes Risborough in Buckinghamshire and Watlington in Oxfordshire. Just one coach and an ancient engine, it sometimes waits for regular customers, has been known to back up for panting latecomers. One day the *Flyer's* fireman, Anthony Benham, 22, tooted the train's whistle at pretty Janet Croxford, 19; in due course Anthony asked for twelve days off to marry Janet.

Unfortunately, the deputy fireman had been drafted into the army. Up went notices saying that from March 5 to March 17 the railroad would close down; customers would have to travel by specially hired buses. For three days the *Flyer* stayed sadly in its shed. One bus broke down and a car was hired. Then the railroad's top official heard about the rustic crisis, quickly fetched old *Flyerman* George Nicholson from another line. Said George warmly: "I jumped at the chance. For seven years I fired this train. I'm fond of it."

Last week, as churchbells pealed out for the newlyweds, the *Flyer* was running again. Grinned the bridegroom: "It's been a proper joke around here."

The Telltale Bite

Like many office secretaries in England, 37-year-old Norah Maloney sets great store by her weekly 5-oz. ration of chocolate, caches it in the office filing cabinet. One morning last January Miss Maloney entered her office at David Shanks & Co.,

Birmingham manufacturers of sheet-metal pressings, found files and paper strewn about, the cash box rifled of £4 2s. 9d. Her chocolate bar was half eaten.

Police took the chocolate. Later, they arrested 29-year-old Irishman Hugh Creany Laverty. Last week, at Laverty's trial, Dr. John Anderson, dentistry lecturer, testified that the teeth marks on Miss Maloney's chocolate corresponded with Laverty's dental pattern. It was Laverty's eighth offense; he was sent to jail for two years.

SPAIN The Spirit of Barcelona

Barcelona, an explosively spirited city, one morning this week broke out in what may be the most serious defiance of the Franco regime.* Workers and white-collar employees reported to factories, shops and offices, punched their time clocks, then quietly walked out in protest against ruinously rising living costs. The strike, which spread to nearly all businesses in the city except the gas, electricity and water works, did not stay quiet. Workers broke windows of the Ritz Hotel and the city hall, set fire to curtains; when fire engines rattled to the scene, crowds would not let them pass. Angry men & women massed in front of the city's food-control offices, shouting for lower prices. The authorities rushed militia to the scene, to help the embattled local police. The cops charged the crowd with nightsticks and drawn pistols; many were injured.

In Madrid, Franco called an emergency cabinet meeting to cope with the outbreak.

Barcelona's Governor Eduardo Baeza

* In 1947 there was a nine-day general strike at Bilbao, on Spain's northwest coast.

Alegria laid the blame for the riots on "Communist agitators." That might well be true, although *Barceloneses* could understand their grievances without help from the Communists. The current battle of Barcelona followed a remarkable, week-long rebellion over a simple, nonpolitical issue: the price of a trolley ride.

The Attack. Last month the Barcelona streetcar company announced a 40% fare rise from 50 to 70 centimos. Students and workers were furious. As D-day for the fare rise (March 1) approached, protest posters appeared on walls, chain letters floated through the mails: "Be a good citizen, show your courage. Starting March 1, hoof it to work." Kids chanted in the streets: "If you want your morning jolly, stay away from the trolley."

At first police treated the matter as a joke, but as excitement grew in the city, they went into action, arrested teen-agers distributing leaflets, tore down posters (which promptly went up again as soon as the cops' backs were turned).

D-day dawned. In the chilly morning, from the outskirts, long lines of people started for work on foot. Streetcars rattled through the streets, empty but for the crew. They came to a halt at each stop, while the conductors tried to lure passengers in; nobody boarded. Any weary hiker who yielded to temptation was promptly hauled back from the trolleys by indignant pedestrians. Owners of private cars offered lifts to elderly people. At noon, Barcelona's entire police corps was mobilized; two cops mounted each



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Pix

NEWEST D. P. in Europe is Archbishop Josef Beran, Roman Catholic primate of Czechoslovakia, who had been a prisoner in his Prague palace for 20 months. Last week the Reds banished him from Prague because of his "negative attitude" toward their church laws. His new whereabouts are not known. Beran was supplanted by an obscure priest whose attitude, said Prague, was "uncompromisingly positive."

TIME, MARCH 19, 1951

streetcar to "protect passengers." But the cops were the only passengers on the flashy red-and-white cars.

Days passed, and still Barcelona's staunch people walked. After one stormy meeting at the city hall, Governor Baeza Alegria announced: "What we need is a civic example from the highest." Out he marched, and boarded a streetcar to set an example for strikebreakers. But he rode alone. Eventually his trolley bumped into a stone barricade, and he gave up.

The **Surrender**. Barcelona's Mayor Baron de Torrades found reason for hope: "Just wait until Sunday's soccer game," he said. "They'll give in for that." But on Sunday, throngs of soccer fans trudged through the rain to the stadium on foot. At this point, even Madrid got worried. Spain's chief of police rushed to the scene. Barcelona University was shut. The mayor was fired and replaced by a lawyer who is popular with the students. Last week the streetcar company (which had lost 5,000,000 pesetas, \$125,000 in one week) surrendered unconditionally: the old fares were reinstated. Police announced that 70 people arrested during the boycott would be released.

For a few days *Barcelonenses*, flushed with victory, once more rode their trolleys. But this week's general strike, which included the tram conductors, kept the cars in their barns, and Barcelona was again on foot. "They should never allow these things to start," fretted one businessman. "It is always dangerous to let the people realize their own strength."



Aimee

COZY CORNER at the Leipzig Fair, in Germany's Russian zone, offers a 20-ft. red plaster Stalin, presumably Russia's most important product. Chief exhibitor after Russia this year: Red China (jade, hog bristles, pictures of Red Chinese bosses).

BELGIUM

"The Best I Could"

Their medals tinkling discreetly on their chests, the five military judges walked into the court. Then the four defendants marched in. First among them was a tall old man, with pince-nez and a vinegar-sour face, who bowed stiffly to the presiding judge. He was Lieut. General Alexander Ernst Alfred Hermann von Falkenhausen, 72, military governor of Belgium in World War II, accused together with three other members of his occupation regime of causing the execution of 240 hostages, deporting Belgians for slave labor, deporting Jews to death camps.

Are There Excuses? There were two ways of looking at the Falkenhausen case. Many were convinced that Falkenhausen was no war criminal. Others pointed to the fact that he was the head of a German occupation under which atrocities had undoubtedly been committed.

Much of Falkenhausen's brilliant career gave testimony in his favor. A professional soldier, he fought in the Boxer war, in World War I (when Turkey was Germany's ally) became chief of staff of the Seventh Ottoman Army. Between wars, he was a member of the Steel Helmet, a right-wing but anti-Nazi party. He retired from the *Reichswehr* in 1930, went to China as Chiang Kai-shek's military adviser, became his good friend and stayed on to help him fight the Japanese even after Germany had formed the Axis.

His rule in Belgium was more lenient than German occupations of other enemy countries. When Belgium faced starvation one winter, Falkenhausen made a secret deal with German army officials in Poland to get potatoes for Belgium's hungry cities.

Once, when Falkenhausen was threatened with assassination in Brussels, he

calmly issued a proclamation announcing that he would move to the ground floor of his headquarters, and listed the restaurants where he could be found after dark, to make the job for his assassin easier. The assassin never tried it. In 1944, after the plot on Hitler's life, the Gestapo arrested Falkenhausen; he has been in various jails ever since.

Is There a Difference? Prosecution lawyers painted a very different picture of Falkenhausen. Presiding Judge Achille Maréchal asked how it happened that a reputed anti-Nazi was given as important a job as Falkenhausen's. The accused general snapped: "I can't answer that. I was told I was being chosen for my competence." When a defense witness reported that many plain Belgians trusted Falkenhausen to help them, the judge declared: "I note that Falkenhausen did nothing [to help them] except perhaps show himself sympathetic."

Pleading Falkenhausen: "During my interrogations by the Gestapo I was reproached with having been too mild in Belgium; I was supposed to have arrested too few and released them too soon." He admitted that under his regime there were arrests, shootings, deportations. "A German general, like any soldier, must obey his chiefs." But, he said, "I employed every means to frustrate, modify or alleviate the orders and instructions which opposed my views. Obviously, I could frustrate them completely [only] in a few cases. But I always tried to do the best I could under the circumstances . . . St. Augustine has written: 'The man whose feebleness cannot cause complete goodness to triumph must prevent all the evil he can.' That is what I did."

In his summation, the prosecutor put the case against Falkenhausen thus: "Is there a difference between a sadistic Storm



OLDEST D.P. is Paulina Wilsdorf, 105, who is about to come to the U.S. from an Austrian D.P. camp. Born when James Knox Polk was President of the U.S. (then a country of 20 million), she married the year the Civil War ended, never left the town of Rovno, Poland, until she was nearly 100. She took up cigarettes 59 years ago, to protect herself against cholera, has been an avid smoker ever since.

Trooper and a gentlemanly officer who signs death orders?" Last week's verdict agreed with the prosecutor. The court found that Falkenhausen had executed hostages to protect the lives of Belgians who collaborated with the Nazis, and had established a puppet regime that was not a military necessity. He was sentenced to twelve years at forced labor, but he would probably be released soon, as he had already served six years in allied jails. One co-defendant got the same sentence, another ten years; the fourth was acquitted.

The accused heard the sentences with less evident emotion than the judges who rendered them. The five men on the bench, who had had a difficult case to decide, looked uncomfortable and gloomy as Falkenhausen and his fellow defendants were led from the court.

FRANCE

How to Please a Coalition

After ten days of crisis, France seemed about to get a new government. Conservative (Radical Socialist) Henri Queuille, 66, who saved the day under similar circumstances $\frac{1}{2}$ years ago, was confirmed as Premier by an Assembly vote of 359 to 205.

In Queuille's plans for a new government, no party's sentiments were overlooked. He offered the Socialists and other leftist deputies an increase in the minimum wage. Rightists were assured that resulting price boosts would not be offset by widespread consumer subsidies. Queuille promised the farmers a subsidy on commercial fertilizer prices, the workers a subsidy to keep coal and electricity prices from rising more than 10%. He said that he would raise funds for the new subsidies as painlessly as possible, by taxes on "uncommon goods" and exports.

Queuille committed himself to the principle of electoral reform, on which all the coalition parties agree, but supported the principle in such general terms that no group—for the moment—had anything to find fault with. He expressed his hope that an election would be held "before next summer."

All this political sleight-of-hand is not done primarily for Queuille's or his party's gain. It is merely what a French politician had to do in 1951 to get even a temporary government for his country.

INDIA

First Asiad

In New Delhi, India's National Sports Club had built a modern, 35,000-spectator stadium with eight entrance tunnels, a pink-tinted cycle track, a cinder track, an arena for field events, a main grass arena for football, hockey and basketball, a swimming pool with a spectator capacity of 5,000. There last week, teams from eleven Asian countries competed in the first Asiad, a program of events patterned after the world Olympics. The countries: Afghanistan, Burma, Ceylon, India, Indonesia, Iran, Japan, Nepal, the Philip-



Associated Press
GENERAL VON FALKENHAUSEN
After six years, conviction.

pines, Singapore, Siam.* Stated purpose of the Asiad: "Maintaining world peace." Another purpose: promoting the Asians—a different line of India's Nehru and other Asian leaders.

Incense & Salamanders. Red China, which had been invited but did not respond until after the closing date for entries, sent nine "observers," who presented the federation with an engraved enamel incense burner and a red silk banner inscribed: "We wish the first Asian games

* Pakistan, a founding member of the Asian Games Federation, had withdrawn on the flimsy ground that it is a Middle East rather than an Asian country.



N. R. Forbman—Life
PREMIER QUEUILLE
After ten days, sleight-of-hand.

success and the physical education workers of Asia to unite and strive for peace in Asia and all the world." They gave each team a blue flower vase, a set of Communist magazines called *People's Pictorial*, pictures of Mao Tse-tung, and on the closing night they gave a huge party. The Japanese, who, along with representatives of the Philippines, Siam and Singapore, absented themselves from the Chinese affairs, brought two salamanders, two badgers and a pair of mandarin ducks for the children of India.

In the games, big, bearded Sikhs and leathery Afghans raced beside short-legged Japanese and lean Iranians. During a tense moment of the football match between Iran and Japan (which Iran won), Iran's hambant weight-lifting champion, Mahmoud Namdjou, leaped on to the dais and did a lively dance.

Namdjou, who bowed his head and prayed towards Mecca before each effort in the weight-lifting events, lost to India's 22-year-old Parimal Roy in the "Mr. Asia of 1951" contest, which was judged on the basis of physical development, looks and personality. Namdjou protested that he had been a finalist in his height class in the "Mr. Universe" competition at the 1948 London Olympics. Stormed Namdjou: "It is not fair competition when a Mr. Universe finalist cannot be Mr. Asia. It is politics."

The Japanese were the only athletes who accepted all the judges' decisions without question. Once, when a Japanese basketball player lost his temper, his coach quickly took him out of the game.

Friends Won & Influenced. Although handicapped by not having entered swimming teams (their swimmers are in training for the Helsinki Olympics), the Japanese piled up a total of 130 points. India was second, with 95 points. Iran, with 43 points, beat the Philippines for third. The records were generally poor in comparison with world marks (e.g., best time for Asiad men's 400-meter hurdles: 54.2 sec.; world record: 50.6 sec.), but, in the words of one federation official: "The spirit of cooperation displayed here has been more important than smashing records."

For the Japanese, World War II enemy of all the other competitors but two (neutral Afghanistan, collaborating Siam), the Asiad was a triumph. Said one Japanese team member: "We were more anxious to win friends than win games." They had won both games and friends.

PAKISTAN

Conspiracy Nipped

Premier Liaquat Ali Khan's announcement was tense: "A conspiracy hatched by the enemies of Pakistan has just been unearthed. The aim of the conspiracy was to create commotion in the country by violent means . . . These plans, had they succeeded, would have struck at the very foundations of our national existence."

A few hours before the Premier spoke, police had arrested 38-year-old Major

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AMERICA'S MOST MODERN TRAINS

General Akbar Khan, chief of general staff of Pakistan's army, and his wife, at army headquarters in Rawalpindi. In Karachi, they arrested Brigadier M. A. Latif, commander of a brigade in Quetta, near the Afghan border. In Lahore, Faiz Ahmed Faiz, editor of the *Pakistan Times*, the country's second largest English-language newspaper, was taken into custody. All were accused of trying to overthrow the government.

Leftist Faiz is best known as an Urdu poet. Both soldiers are career officers from the old Indian army. Akbar Khan enjoys an added reputation as a practical joker. Once, to amuse himself, if not his friends, he had an aide read fake news bulletins over a microphone connected to his home radio. While Akbar chuckled, his worried guests heard realistic descriptions of the death of one guest's father, a fire which burned down another's house, and an earthquake in an area where a third man owned property.

Akbar's conspiracy was no joking matter. Although Premier Liaquat refused further comment, Defense Ministry officials hinted at an explanation: Faiz, who is also a leader of the pro-Communist Azad Pakistan Party, and the two officers had planned to stage a military revolt, aiming at a pro-Communist dictatorship.

IRAN

For Oil & Islam

Four shots fired in Teheran last week—four shots fired for oil and Islam—were heard around the world.

Ali Razmara, Iran's best postwar Premier, was attending a memorial to a recently deceased religious leader in the Mosque of the Shah. In the press of other business, Razmara had almost forgotten the ceremony and was hurrying in order not to be late. As he stepped briskly into the courtyard, a bearded young Moslem fanatic named Khalil Tahmassebi slid out of a crowd, got behind the Premier, opened fire. The first pistol bullet, which struck the back of Ali Razmara's head, was enough to cause instant death. Two other bullets hit him in the neck and chest. The fourth shot wounded a policeman who was trying to grapple with the assassin.* Police said that Tahmassebi and three accomplices were trying to commit suicide when finally subdued.

Fine Impartiality. Assassin Tahmassebi is a carpenter, a reader of the Koran in the mosque, a member of a small xenophobic sect called Fadian Islam (Crusaders of Islam) which, with fine impartiality, has been denouncing Truman, Stalin and Britain's George VI. Washington and London, which were shocked and worried by Razmara's murder, regarded Tahmassebi as a mere triggerman; the real instigator was assumed to be Ayatulla-

Kashani, head of Fadian Islam and a member of a twelve-man "National Front" in the Majlis (parliament).

In recent months nearly all sectors of Iranian opinion—and especially such nationalist and religious groups as Fadian Islam—had been screaming for nationalization of oil, that is, for the freeing of Iranian oil from control by Britain, whose present contracts run to 1993 (*TIME*, Jan. 8; Feb. 5). Razmara had steadfastly opposed nationalization, on the ground that it would cause unemployment and great loss of urgently needed government revenue.

When Razmara became Premier last summer, he took office on a high tide of U.S. approval. Uncontaminated by Iran's smelly politics, Razmara had been a soldier all his adult life, was chief of staff of the Iranian army when he became Pre-

province of Azerbaijan. Until this week, Ala was in charge of a generous and sense-making program of parceling out land, owned by the Shah, to landless peasants. Parliamentary confirmation of Hussein Ala was promptly voted, 69 to 27.

As Minister of Court for 18 months (1944-45), Ala won so much respect from the Shah that the latter left the Minister-of-Court job unfilled for two years after Ala went to Washington. The dogged fight for Azerbaijan in the U.N., almost ruined Ala's health. Outwardly calm and unflaggingly polite, speaking a precise, British-accented English, Ala began to suffer from heart trouble, and after the fight for Azerbaijan was over, he went to Arizona to recuperate.

Picasso's Dove. No one suggested that Iran's Communists had anything to do with Razmara's death. Characteristically,



International

HUSSEIN ALA & MOURNERS AT RAZMARA'S FUNERAL
Cried the assassin: "Death to the oil company!"

mier. He had not been in office long, however, when he found himself whipsawed by U.S. negligence and fumbling, by British hard-dealing, and by the venal Majlis, every member of which would like to be Premier himself. Lately, Razmara made several safety-first concessions to Russia, e.g., banning the Voice of America and BBC broadcasts, allowing Tass, the Soviet news agency, to operate freely.

Only six weeks ago, Razmara carried enough weight in the Majlis to win an overwhelming vote of confidence. Within a few hours of his death, 15 members of the parliament's petroleum commission voted unanimously in favor of the assassin's program: nationalization of oil.

To succeed Razmara as Premier, the Shah appointed Hussein Ala, 68, post-war Iranian Ambassador to the U.S. Hussein Ala is the doughty little statesman who, in 1946, had stood up at Lake Success and successfully demanded that the Russians clear out of the northern Iranian

however, the Communists sought to make propaganda hay out of the situation. In Teheran last week 60,000 people, headed by the underground Tudeh partisans, demonstrated not only for oil, but for Communist-style peace. "Down with war agitators!" they shouted. "Long live the free Korean people!" Ten thousand women & children followed a float on which appeared a reproduction of Pablo Picasso's peace dove, known to anti-Communists the world over as "The Dove that Goes Boom."

At Razmara's funeral, which was attended by U.S. Ambassador Henry F. Grady, Soviet Ambassador Ivan Sadchikov and other diplomats, old army friends of the dead Premier wept. In his jail cell, Assassin Tahmassebi chanted verses from the Koran, shouted: "Long live Islam, death to the oil company!" Fadian Islam's newspaper threatened other Iranian leaders with death unless Tahmassebi was turned loose within three days.

* The word "assassin" comes from an old Arabic word, *hashashin*, which means a killer hopped up on hashish. A Persian organization, the Assassins, carried on effective anti-Christian terrorist activity during the Crusades.

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CHINA Neither Too Young Nor Too Old

Liberal folklore regarded Chinese Communists as humanitarians who would rather re-educate criminals than punish them. Reports of purges inside China under the new Red penal code have brushed away most vestiges of this belief. Shih Liang, Red China's woman Minister of Justice, in recent instructions to her courts finally laid it to rest.

Chinese Communist courts, according to Minister Shih, have been too soft on anti-Communists. Punishment must now be meted out quickly and heavily. Under her new codes, courts may order a prisoner shot for his "intentions"—which the courts must judge at their discretion. They can punish "counter-revolutionaries" who are merely "waiting for a chance to commit a crime." The new penalties may be retroactive. Madame Shih continued. Verdicts "should conform to prevailing polity."

In the past, said Madame Shih, Communist courts have released prisoners for varying reasons. Among them: "he was too young or too old," or "in the class composition he was a middle peasant," or "there was nothing much against him." This sort of thing, said the Minister of Justice, must stop.

From Formosa, the Chinese Nationalists punctuated the Communist Minister's remarks. The Nationalist Control Yuan this week told the U.N. that China's Communists, with Russian backing, have plans for killing 150 million Chinese in a deliberate program to reduce China's 450 million population to more manageable proportions. According to the Nationalist Defense Ministry, 1,000,000 Chinese anti-Communists have already been killed.

BURMA

Gratitude for Services

The heavy teak door of Rangoon's central jail swung open. Out stepped a lean, spectacled man looking cool, fresh and fit. Medical Missionary Gordon S. (*Burma Surgeon*) Seagrave, sentenced to six years for giving aid & comfort to Kachin Rebel Leader Naw Seng, and to one year for supplying medicine and surgical instruments to the rebels (*TIME*, Jan. 20), was free. His release had been ordered by the Burmese court of appeals, which had acquitted him on the first charge and, in view of his age (53) and in gratitude for the services he has rendered Burma, had reduced the one-year sentence to the 6½ months he had already spent in jail.

Dr. Seagrave was met by his sister Rachel, who exclaimed: "Oh, Gordon. I just got the good news while I was making a *mokloksaung* [a gelatinous rice dish topped with iced sugar water] to bring over to you tomorrow." Smiling contentedly, Seagrave said: "This is wonderful." Asked whether he had been permitted to do medical work in jail since last August, he said: "Nary a thing did they let me do. If they had, that would have taken the salt out of the sentence. All I did was sit around and read."



DR. GORDON SEAGRAVE
"This is wonderful."

Seagrave was impatient to get back to his hospital in the north Burma hills. Said he: "If I'm permitted, I shall board the first plane to Bhamo, then on to Namkam and back to work. That's all I wish for." In Baltimore, his wife said: "I think it would be best for him if he could come back to this country for at least a while."

THE PHILIPPINES

Hot Ears

Mrs. Carmen Nicholson Gispert had known all along that her husband Francis Gispert was risking his life by helping Father Walter B. Hogan to break the labor monopoly of Manila's waterfront held by the racketeering *Unión de Obreros Estivadores de Filipina* (*TIME*, March 12). After Gispert was shot dead on March 1, Mrs. Gispert aided police in tracking down her husband's killer, a 34-year-old waterfront tough named Arturo de los Santos y Esteban.

Santos confessed: "I didn't want to do it. Johnny, he ordered me to kill Gispert . . . Even when I met Gispert on the staircase, I didn't want to do it. I even talked to him and asked him for a job. He got sore and said 'Goddammit' to me. That heated my ears, so I said 'Goddammit to you, also,' and then I shot him. Afterwards I went to the Quiapo church to pray and repent my sin."

Manila police said that Johnny was John Montgomery, Philippine-born, U.S.-naturalized president of a U.O.E.F. branch. Gispert had accused him of padding a payroll by 47,000 pesos. Picked up next day, Montgomery said: "I don't know what this is all about." With Santos,

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he will go on trial this week. Fearing an upsurge of waterfront violence, police guarded the Gisbert home day & night, while Mrs. Gisbert and her children remained indoors. Said Father Hogan: "The U.O.E.F. is now fighting for its very life."

Ice Cream Every Day

Since he took office last September, 41-year-old Secretary of Defense Ramon Magsaysay has realized that pacifying Luzon's 15,000 Communist Huk rebels is more than a military problem. The Huk rank & file—and most Huk sympathizers—are poor, landless peasants, led into rebellion by Communist promises of utopia. Magsaysay has come to believe that a little government help and a few acres of land would transform Huk guerrillas into peaceful citizens.

Last month he announced a plan for doing this. With 4,000,000 pesos of government aid, Magsaysay started a land resettlement project in the fertile but undeveloped plains of Mindanao. Instead of jail sentences, each Huk who is captured or gives up will get ten hectares (15 acres) of this land, plus a house, tools and work animals. "Here is a good way to give those boys in the mountains something to come down for."

Civilian Filipinos were enthusiastic about the idea. So were many Hucks. In the last six weeks, since word of Magsaysay's plan spread into Luzon's hills, 300 Hucks have surrendered and applied for resettlement. Three hundred hectares of flat, virgin land in Mindanao have been cleared for the first batch of Huk settlers, who will leave Luzon within the next few months. More are expected. "We keep hammering at them," said Magsaysay, "and looking for them in the jungles, and promising them this green valley where they can have their own homes and live happily with hot coffee and ice cream every day."

THE PACIFIC

Communists on the Docks

The free world's greatest strategic asset in its struggle against onrushing Communism in Asia is control of the Pacific Ocean. In war, this control would be challenged and limited by Russian submarines. In peace (and perhaps in war), it is challenged and limited by Communist control of longshoremen's unions on the U.S. and Canadian West Coast, in Hawaii, in New Zealand and in Australia. In all these areas, the Communists shelter behind the English-speaking peoples' guarantees of personal and political liberty.

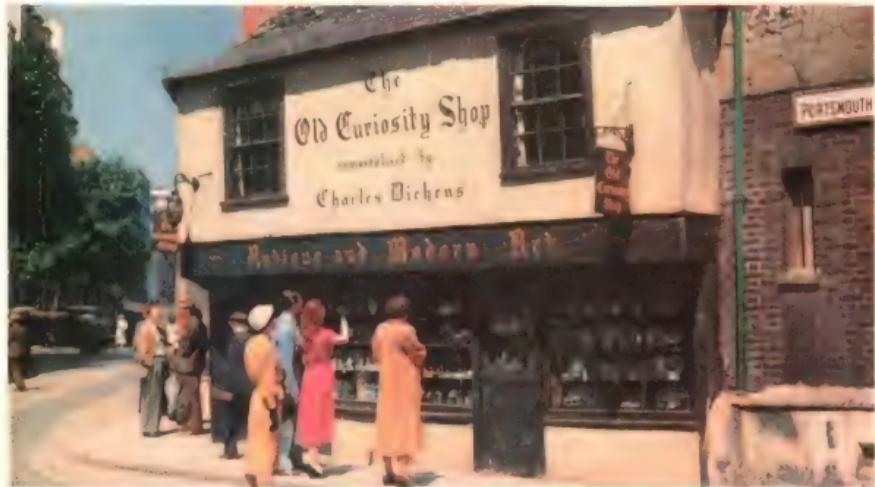
Communist Harry Bridges (whose International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union controls dock work in San Francisco, Hawaii, the U.S. Northwest and Vancouver) is still undeported after 16 years of U.S. efforts to send him back to Australia. Last week New Zealand's and Australia's efforts to deal with their Communists were in the news.

In Australia, a Communist-led dockers' union has just relaxed a costly, month-old slowdown strike over a variety of wage

London

Paris

Rome

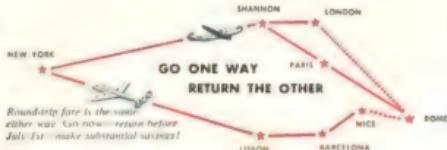


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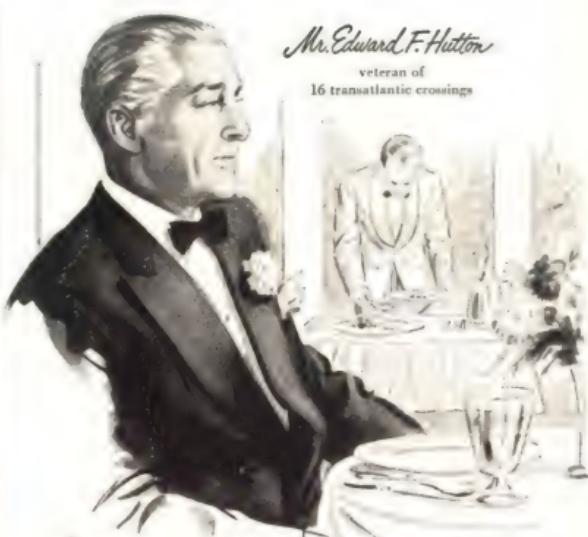
and overtime issues which the Government charged were pretexts to hide the real reason: the Communist plot to slow down the British Commonwealth rearmament. The Australian government has tried in vain to deport British-born James ("Big Jim") Healy, Communist boss of the dockers. Last week Australia's efforts to cope with Communism received a heavy blow when the High Court voided a 1950 law outlawing the Communist Party and giving the government power to "declare" union officials and government workers Communists. The law placed the burden of proof on the "declared" individual, who would have to show that he was not a Communist. In defending the law, Liberal Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies had said: "We are not dealing with the ordinary Australian citizen who is entitled to be treated with all the delicacies of the law. We are



Associated Press
NEW ZEALAND'S HOLLAND
Behind old guarantees, sheltered Reds.

dealing with a movement of scoundrels, of enemies of the people, whose one desire is to pull Australia down." When the High Court invalidated his law, Menzies said: "This is not the end of the fight against Communism. It is merely the beginning."

In New Zealand, dockers have been on strike for three weeks. Troops have been loading and unloading ships, but because freezing-plant workers support the dockers, many ships that would have carried meat to Britain left New Zealand with nearly empty holds. As in the Australian strike, the surface issues concern wages and overtime, but the government charges that the real reason is the Communist aim to hurt the Commonwealth. To deal with strikers, Prime Minister Sidney Holland has broad powers. So far, he has used them with restraint. The majority of New Zealanders, including many unions, seem to be backing the Prime Minister against the Communist-led dockers.



Mr. Edward F. Hutton
veteran of
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favor of the
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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

The Problem of Perón

U.S.-Argentine relations were worse last week than they had been in years. Washington had tried hard to understand the *Peronista* outlook; it had hoped that by using euphemisms for "dictator," granting fat loans and looking the other way when freedom and justice were violated, it could turn Juan Perón away from totalitarianism. But Washington was wrong.

In speech after speech Perón had proclaimed equal distaste for Russian Communism and U.S. capitalism. Then Perón forcibly suppressed the independent newspaper *La Prensa* and jailed two U.S. journalists for trying to report the event (TIME, March 12).

All this was complicated by Juan Perón's own unpredictable course. The same Strong Man who publicly protested that Argentina must keep its "third position" had, in the past five years, told U.S. Ambassadors George Messersmith, James Bruce and Stanton Griffis that Argentina would fight on the U.S. side in a third World War. He had repeated the sentiment last year to Assistant Secretary of State Edward Miller. Afterwards, Miller had fought through a \$125 million credit for Perón in Washington, insisting that no strings be attached. Last week Miller was back from another visit to Buenos Aires, smarting from a brushoff that was insulting not only to him but to the U.S.

Climb the Stairs. Perón, who had spent hours in private talks with Miller on his last visit, all but refused to see him this time. He met Miller only in the presence of eight or more aides. Miller never got a chance to tell Perón what the U.S. thought of the suppression of *La Prensa*.

Instead, after one presidential luncheon, Evita Perón whisked the U.S. envoy off with a car of ministers on a tour of one of her Social Aid Foundation's new hospitals. The elevators were not yet ready, so she marched the party up & down the seven floors of the building. As they puffed up one stairway, Finance Minister Ramón Cereijo wheezed: "Where's the psychotherapy ward? I'm ready to go in." All agreed that Evita, talking warmly and frankly with "Amigo Miller" about how much she wanted the U.S. and Argentina to be friends and work together, put on a terrific performance.

Moreover, even during two brief encounters, Perón managed to convey to Miller the impression that he still regarded himself as a U.S. ally. His subordinates predicted that Argentina's behavior at this month's Washington conference of American foreign ministers will prove that he is. But by week's end, the anti-U.S. line of the *Peronista* press had changed not a whit. The screw was turned yet tighter on *La Prensa*.

Draw the Line. Back in Washington, Miller was not cooled off enough to see what he would recommend next. Hard

experience has taught U.S. officials that denouncing Perón only makes him more popular in his own country. There was no blinking the geographical fact that Argentina is part of the Americas. There could be no question of U.S. meddling in Argentine internal affairs. But there was a line that democracy had to draw. At the very least, the U.S. would probably have to stop pushing so hard for Perón's friendship.

CUBA

An Honest Man

The best Finance Minister Cuba ever had resigned last week. José ("Pepin") Bosch, 54, Lehigh-educated millionaire businessman (Bacardi rum and Hatuey beer), had entered the cabinet of Presi-



Henry Wallace

PEPIN BOSCH

He stopped the gravy train.

dent Carlos Prio, his old friend from revolutionary days, in order to help the government out of the fiscal red. He did the job in 14 prodigious months.

When Finance Minister Bosch took office, there was a deficit of \$18 million; as he stepped out, Cuba had its largest surplus on record—more than \$15 million. The secret of Bosch's success was uncommon ministerial honesty and unswerving drive to collect taxes uncollected by lax predecessors. "Everyone will pay," he announced, "without exception or privilege. I'll send them bills."

Back to the Black. Knowing most Cuban industrialists by their first names, and aware almost to the peso of what they should be paying, Bosch upped income-tax collections from \$6 to \$25 million, business-profit tax revenues from \$20 to \$45 million. Members of Carlos Prio's own family paid up back taxes. The President himself told the story of an industrialist

who went to the Treasury to try to get off paying \$15,000 in profit taxes, wound up paying \$120,000, then "went around telling everyone that at last there was a man in Treasury who wouldn't let him get away with anything."

Bosch tidied up corruption in the customs service. Finding hundreds of businesses operating without licenses, he made them pay the official fees. Throwing out a racket whereby contractors were never paid till they had kicked back 30%, he squared accounts, began paying-as-you-go.

Such a Finance Minister was poison to politicos. Bosch all but stopped the gravy train that had shuttled in & out of the Treasury since the republic's birth.* Outraged Congressmen got up all kinds of investigating committees to harry him. They quizzed him in practically every field of government finance, sometimes till 3 in the morning. A fortnight ago they summoned him for more heckling on his plan for reorganizing a rundown government workers' retirement fund. Bosch testily told them he had a previous engagement, went off to a Bacardi board meeting at which he was elected company president.

Back to Kickbacks? Bosch said last week that he was leaving public office on doctor's orders. Undoubtedly, he was fed up with politicos. He had done the job he had been asked to do, but he realized that as the 1952 presidential campaign drew nearer, pressure would grow to finance the government campaign out of the Treasury, as it was financed more or less in 1948. Said Havana's newspaper *Alerta*: "Bosch took office to the profound disgust of the politicians, and leaves accompanied by their broad smiles as they wait outside the ministry doors to assault the Treasury he guarded."

CANADA

Twice the Uranium

Since the first atomic bomb exploded at Alamogordo in 1945, Washington and Ottawa have been hunting diligently for new uranium deposits. Reason: capacity of Canada's only uranium-producing mine, at Great Bear Lake on the edge of the Arctic Circle, is far short of U.S. needs, and overseas sources might be cut off by submarines in wartime. Last week in Toronto, William J. Bennett, boss of Canada's uranium monopoly, announced that Canada's second major mine would go into production, probably next year, at Beaverlodge Lake in northwestern Saskatchewan. He fixed its initial production at 500 tons of ore daily, revealed that its output "will probably be considerably in excess of our Great Bear Lake property"—thus more than doubling Canadian output.

* The late Senator José Alemán, President Grau's Education Minister from 1946 to 1948, is acknowledged to have been the most skillful engineer ever to operate on this run. Asked how he got "all that money" out of the Treasury, he is said to have replied: "In suitcases."

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PEOPLE

The Voice of Experience

Asbestos Heir **Tommy Manville**, separated from wife No. 8, vowed his next would be "a wise, mature woman, someone like **Ava Gardner**, or **Paulette Goddard**." Meanwhile, Manville said he was using his spare time planning a new question & answer television show on the problems of modern living.

British's **Lord Craigavon**, who recently led more than 1,500 people to Canterbury Cathedral on a pilgrimage of prayer against Communism, signed one of the stiffest protest petitions yet leveled against Dr. Hewlett ("The Red Dean") Johnson. Said the letter: "As loyal Christians, we do believe that it is impossible to serve two masters, and so we must ask you now to dissociate yourself from Communism or else to resign from the office of Dean of Canterbury . . ." Dr. Johnson had "no comment."

In Washington, **Tallulah Bankhead** explained her education: "Daddy let me quit school at 15. He didn't see any sense to my trying to learn algebra when I wanted to go on the stage. He said if I knew Shakespeare and the Bible and how to shoot craps, I had a liberal education."

Beauty & Health

In Arrowhead Springs, Calif., **Nina ("Honey Bear") Warren**, 17, youngest daughter of California's Governor **Earl Warren**, showed photographers how much she had progressed since her police attack last year. After painful practice, she was able to take a few steps. The governor



NINA WARREN & FATHER
A progress report.

himself decided that some baths in the springs' mineral-rich mud were just the thing for the neuritis in his right arm.

The Metropolitan Opera faced up to losing its greatest soprano. Nearing the end of a brilliant season, after a ten-year absence, **Kirsten Flagstad** at 55 felt that the strain of rehearsals and acting was just too much. After a London performance next fall of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, she plans to close out her 38-year operatic career to follow the life of the concert stage. Met Manager **Rudolf Bing** still hoped to change her mind.

In Rochester, N.Y., federal Food & Drug agents seized 108 quarts of blackstrap molasses along with 25 copies of



ALBERT EINSTEIN
New problems.

Gaylord Hauser's popular diet book, *Look Younger, Live Longer*, in which the fashionable dietician touts his perfect health menus of wheat germ, yogurt, brewer's yeast and blackstrap molasses. The food men, taking a dyspeptic view of the perfect-health approach, charged that Hauser was violating the pure food laws, particularly with his claim that blackstrap would prevent menopausal difficulties, constipation, heart trouble, neuritis, also induce sleep and help grow hair.

Vice President **Alben W. Barkley** gave readers of *Life and Health* magazine his remedy for keeping fit: plenty of fresh air, exercise, moderate eating. Wrote the Veep: "I have never had a headache in my life . . . I have never had indigestion in my life. My digestive organs have been as efficient and as regular as a Seth Thomas clock in its halcyon day."



TALLULAH BANKHEAD & MAID
A liberal education.

The Way Things Are

Still walking his daily mile across a Princeton meadow to the Institute for Advanced Study, **Albert Einstein** quietly approached his 73rd birthday. Looking more than ever like a benign, wise old sea lion, he was too busy working on new problems to take much note of the churning outside world which he has helped to change so much.

Temperance workers in St. Joseph, Mo., had a bone to pick with the city library. Because she was pictured drinking a bottle of wine with the other goodies for her grandmother, **Little Red Riding Hood** was a bad "influence to very small children," and should be censored.

Prime Minister **Clement Attlee** faced the prospect of seeing the women of Britain wearing one of his doodles. A button-maker, entranced by a reproduction of one of the Prime Minister's parliamentary pen-musings, enthusiastically ordered his staff to cut dies of the Attlee doodle-pattern, turn out at least 20,000 gross of buttons in all colors and sizes for the spring trade.

Charging cruelty, Minnewa Bell Ross won an uncontested divorce from her third husband, told friends she will soon become the fourth wife of **Elliott Roosevelt** and settle down with him in a new home on the Florida keys.

On a tour of the Korean front, American Legion Commander **Erle Cocke Jr.** suffered a sprained back when his jeep pulled out to pass a convoy, turned turtle, rolled down a 15-foot bank. Later, he felt chipper enough to spend an hour and 45 minutes with **General MacArthur** "filling him in" on U.S. affairs.

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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

The Autumn Garden (by Lillian Hellman; produced by Kermit Bloomgarden) is a strikingly new kind of Lillian Hellman play. The plot is not at all striking and is secondary to the people; the people are pretty average people, neither vipers nor vixens. The scene is the South—an elegant summer boarding house run by a well-born, middle-aged spinster. The guests are largely people of her own generation and kind—fathers, frustrated people: a quiet, cynical drinker who has never married; a quiet-seeking general married to a fool;

without being unsympathetic, are adultly uncompromising.

What blurs and scatters the general effect is a need, not for a more dramatic plot, but for a more incisive pattern. The boarding house brings together numerous people not closely enough related to form a homogeneous group, nor sufficiently unrelated to create the diversified world-in-little of a *Grand Hotel*. There is not enough significant interplay; characters constantly mingle but seldom merge. There is rather the sort of populous, externally shared living that is the basis of social comedy. And the play offers effective so-



Eileen Darby—Graphic House

JANE WYATT, FLORENCE ELDREDGE, FREDRIC MARCH
The middle of the journey is also the destination.

a confused young man halfheartedly about to marry the spinster's French niece.

Into this world after 23 years away from it, bursts the spinster's girlhood beau—a selfish, tinny charmer (Fredric March) who dabbles at art and meddles in lives—with the rich wife who knows him for what he is and even puts up with all he isn't. He buzzes, jolliest, flirts, cajoles, tipsily involves the French niece in a minor small-town scandal. Though baseless in itself, the scandal manages to shake up the other people into auditing their close-to-bankrupt lives.

People, *The Autumn Garden* contends, are the products of all their past acts, so that for most of them the middle of the journey is equally the destination. The play's point—that lack of character is also fate—is driven sharply home. Its people, though much alike in stature and background, are vividly drawn and brilliantly differentiated. Miss Hellman's portraits,

cial comedy through such types as a tart matriarch or a hen-brained gadder, or through the assorted disturbances caused by the returning beau.

Yet Miss Hellman's real emphasis is on separate frustrations and intimate crises, so that a Southern comedy of manners is always rubbing elbows with a Chekhovian study of character. And *The Autumn Garden* has the relaxed Chekhov method without his unifying lyrical mood—his sense that if people delude themselves, life is itself delusive. Actually Chekhov cuts deeper than Miss Hellman because, being a realist rather than a moralist, he very seldom grants his characters the ability to face the truth about themselves.

The Autumn Garden offers, along with the assured and vital gifts of an experienced playwright, the wavering and uncertain movement of a transitional play. It is greatly enhanced by the production: by Harold Clurman's staging, Howard Bay's



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set, the acting of Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Ethel Griffies, Jane Wyatt, and most of all Joan Lorring in the difficult role of the niece.

The Moon Is Blue (by F. Hugh Herbert; produced by Richard Aldrich & Richard Myers in association with Julius Fleischmann) can be equally well described as a bright bit of fluff or a gay bit of fooling. Playwright Herbert has written a small comedy that remains obstinately idyllic while managing to seem pleasantly improper. The form is a Noel Cowardish conversation piece, but the formula is the purest Boy-Meets-Girl. Then Girl Meets Rakish Older Man, and for a second even seems inclined to meet him halfway. But in time, of course, Older Man Meets



BARBARA BEL GEDDES
Raindrops on a roof.

Requirements of the Plot. The play begins and ends on the observation tower of the Empire State Building; and though, betweenwhiles, it shifts to the hero's bachelor apartment, it never really comes down to earth at all.

There are a few not very important drawbacks. Once in a while, though the hands are the hands of Hugh Herbert, the voice is *The Voice of the Turtle*. The patter at times is as monotonous as that of raindrops on a roof; and doubtless from being granted no firmer resting place, sex is always in the air. But the dialogue is far better than in most popular comedy, and the hero—as played by Barry Nelson—is far pleasanter. The older man proves to be a wit as well as a wolf, and is urbanely played by Donald (*Private Lives*) Cook. Best of all, the girl is a delightfully uninhibited would-be actress whose confidences are very nearly as indiscreet as her questions; and she is played to perfection by Barbara Bel Geddes.

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Old Play in Manhattan

Romeo and Juliet (by William Shakespeare; a Dwight Deere Wiman production) seems less a play, to the world at large, than a great romantic legend. To the theater, it seems less a play than a part. No one produces it out of enthusiasm for its story alone. No one goes to see it because the Romeo is good, or stays home because he isn't. Everything centers on its not quite 14-year-old heroine; for lady stars, Juliet is a final goal and often a graveyard. There is a double hazard: the part demands the maturest art, must convey the most dewy fragrance.

For Hollywood's Olivia de Havilland Juliet was a gallant try but a double miss. She is neither a good enough actress nor a



John Seymour Erwin

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
ff, or pp.

magical enough Juliet. She never seems to feel the part—only the importance of it. She never seems in love with Romeo—only with *Romeo and Juliet*. She recites poetry where she should radiate it; and goes through the role as though following a score marked presto or lento, ff, or pp. It is a thoroughly modest, pain-taking performance, but it just never seems to matter.

Nor is the rest of the production particularly helpful. Douglas Watson's Romeo is a little throaty and stagy. Though not the most tragic, Mercutio's is the most unfortunate death in the play, since it comes early and removes the one really dashing character (nicely played by Jack Hawkins). Thereafter, only true romantic intensity can save one of the least inevitable of tragedies from seeming one of the most protracted. The current production has a handsome but slightly heavy look, a slow and slightly heavy tread, and acting in every conceivable style.

Why the man who wasn't there -wasn't there!



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RELIGION

The Judge & His God

Does God ever sit on the judge's bench? He does if the judge really seeks Him, thinks Federal Judge Harold R. Medina, who presided over the trial of the eleven top-ranking U.S. Communists. Last week the *Living Church* quoted from a speech by Episcopalian Medina on the subject, "The Judge & His God":

"There is much in the Bible about judges, but I do not know of any judge who has discussed the impact of religion upon his profession . . . Fortunately for me, I was taught to pray from so early a time that I cannot remember going to bed at night without saying my prayers . . . I do not see why a judge should be ashamed that he prays for divine guidance and for strength to do his duty . . .

"There came a time . . . when I did the most sincere and the most fervent praying that I have ever done in my life. I suddenly found myself in the midst of the trial of the Communists. It took me a long time to realize what they were trying to do to me. But as I got weaker and weaker, and found the burden difficult to bear, I sought strength from the one source that never fails.

"Let me be specific. There came a time when one of the defendants on the stand refused to answer a question, pleading a supposed constitutional privilege which obviously had no application. I gave him time to consult with his counsel. I held the matter in abeyance overnight, and on the next day . . . I sentenced the man to prison for 30 days, unless he should sooner purge himself of contempt by answering the question. Pandemonium broke loose. The other ten defendants and their lawyers, and many of the spectators, rose to their feet; there was a great shouting

and hullabaloo, and several of the defendants started toward the Bench.

"In all that excitement, I felt just as calm as I do now . . . I did not raise my voice . . . I singled out several of those men, identified the language they were using, got it on the record, and sentenced each of them to imprisonment for the balance of the trial.

"I tell you . . . that I never had the will and the self-control to do these things. If ever a man felt the presence of someone beside him, strengthening his will and giving him aid and comfort, I certainly did on that day . . .

"After all is said and done, it is not we who pull the strings; we are not the masters, but the servants of our Master's will; and it is well that we should know it to be so."

Forsaking All Pleasures

The road to Coolspring, in Virginia, is pleasant in early spring. Down the Blue Ridge slopes into the Shenandoah Valley, roadside plaques mark historic battles and gallant deeds of bygone days. At the foot of the mountains, the route to Coolspring becomes a mud road that could not have been very different in the days when Washington surveyed the area. Finally the road turns in at a gate marked "Monastery" and rolls across pastureland to an ancient fieldstone house on a hill.

There the visitor drops another 700 years into the past.

Corks in a Bottle. The Cistercian monastery of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at Coolspring, is the ninth Trappist community in the U.S., the newest in full operation, and follows the full medieval rule. Last week, on the 950 acres surrounding the mansion which was once the scene of glittering Southern balls, 32

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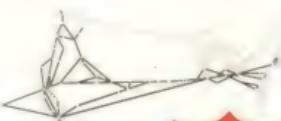
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Trappists were busily preparing for their silent life of work, prayer and meditation. Since last July, they have added a dormitory, dining hall, wing for offices and kitchen. The old kitchen building has been turned into a simple chapel, with highly polished stalls. "The only trouble with the stalls," said burly Father Peter, one of the few Trappists permitted to talk to visitors, "is that they are just 18 inches wide, and I'm 22 inches across."

Added Father Gabriel, the third Superior, who is portly, too: "When we rise, it sounds like corks coming out of a bottle."

The monks and novices live in a long file of cubicles, each about four feet across and just long enough to accommodate a narrow, iron-hard sleeping pallet. They do not sleep in their own coffins (as legend says Trappists once did), but the mattresses are hard as a slab in a city morgue. The 60 men are gradually learning the manual labor necessary to run a big estate. At the moment, most of them are hopelessly inept. "The suppression," laments Father Gabriel, "is that Trappists are great agriculturists. But that isn't the case here. They're all city kids." The community is fattening 200 steers, starting a large vegetable garden and 75 acres of corn. Next year it may begin making Oka cheese, a Trappist specialty.

As a group, the Trappists are healthy, youthful, happy-looking. Many are under 20; most are well-educated. They include many war veterans, to whom the Trappist life has a great appeal, and a converted Jewish psychiatrist who is the monastery doctor.

The Penitential Life. Like other Trappists, those at Coolspring have forsaken all pleasures, occupy just enough space and use just enough food and clothing to sustain a penitential life. Everybody is equal. Even the abbot and the older monks do their share of menial labor. Differences of opinion are settled by majority vote.

For example, Father Gabriel wanted the new monastery (to be built as soon as the community's "precarious finances" permit) in front of the old manor house, so it would be the first structure visitors would see. "But I was howled down," he said. "The monastery will be built on the heights in back of the building."

In time, the Coolspring community will be almost completely self-sustaining. Then the only contact with the 20th Century will be occasional visitors, and the telephone in the chapter office. At the moment, though, the white-robed figures are seen all over the countryside, and there is a great bustle at Coolspring itself. In another year, when the building and organizing are over, the cloistered, contemplative life will be a fact.

What makes men take up the rigorous life of a Trappist? Father Gabriel, who was a secular priest for 22 years in his native San Francisco, joined the Trappists "to be alone with God." Said he: "There is a great religious revival in the world. People are getting away from the material, and back to God. They are rejecting the negative. With people in that state of



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Actors, more than any other group of men, must look their young, healthy best at all times. But removing heavy stage make-up leaves actors' faces extra-sensitive. This means painful discomfort during shaving, and can even lead to wrinkled, old-looking skin.

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mind, then, is it any wonder that this order is having a great revival? Where else can you escape the materialism and negation of the world? Where can you get closer to God in this life?"

In the current issue of the *Catholic World*, the most famed U.S. Trappist has denied sundry rumors about himself. Wrote Thomas Merton, author of *The Seven Storey Mountain*: "Among the peculiar stories I have heard about myself are these: I am supposed to have been seen at the Stork Club in New York . . . Someone was going about telling people that I had been lecturing at Columbia University . . . There was a big rumor to the effect that I had developed cancer and had been flown in a special plane, chartered by Cardinal Dougherty, to the Misericordia Hospital in Philadelphia . . . Many people have thought that I was . . . planning to join the new American Carthusian Foundation . . . I have no intention of becoming a Carthusian."

Added Author Merton: "Some people seem to think that as soon as a monk does anything like writing book, he necessarily loses his vocation. As a matter of fact, my writing has immensely helped my vocation, although . . . it is still a hard job to fit it into our strict life of prayer."

"This Wonderful Minister"

To the bishop it was the shock of a lifetime. The rector of one of his best churches had complained that his job was "too soft," had asked for transfer to the toughest nut you've got."

Episcopal Bishop Noel Porter of Sacramento surveyed his Northern California diocese, at length sent the Rev. Robert Ray Read to two struggling missions in rugged, mountainous, sparsely populated Siskiyou County: Dunsmuir (pop. 2,500), a lusty railroad division point, and McCloud (pop. 1,900), a lumber town 16 miles away. Arriving at Dunsmuir in May 1948, Read "felt like a throwback to the 18th Century, when ministers really had to work, instead of keeping office hours." He had to work to stay alive: he got only \$600 from the two missions, plus a \$600 travel allowance from the diocese. He also had to build up his congregations; the average Sunday attendance at Dunsmuir was nine, at McCloud only six.

Conspiracy of Silence. Read had the stamina to do both. A ruddy, greying bachelor of 52 with a linesman's build (6 ft., 1 in.; 200 lbs.), he became night clerk at a Dunsmuir hotel, worked seven nights a week at \$49 a week. Says he: "I met numbers of people whom I would never have known otherwise." Through these and other contacts, he multiplied his congregations to the point where he needed his evenings for meetings and parish visits. He moved to McCloud, got a lumber-mill job, joined the local C.I.O. union. As a rip-saw tailoff, he stands at the end of a screaming saw and deftly lifts some 30,000 molding strips a day into waiting trucks. In 1950 the mill paid him \$3,130, nearly double what he got from the church. But in one way or another,

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he works at being a pastor all the time.

Pastor Read lives austerely in his one small room that is almost bare of personal possessions. It does have a piece of clothesline and a hotplate. As fast as he earns money, he spends it on birthday presents for moppets, fishing trips for underprivileged boys, books and ice cream for the sick. Most of his charity is secret. Last week John Glasee, principal of Dunsmuir High School, who recently became an Episcopalian "because I admired this wonderful minister so much," said: "Nobody will ever know how much Mr. Read does for people, helping sick bodies as well as souls. He works in a conspiracy of silence. He won't tell what he's done."

Example to Follow. Today there are 30 communicants at McCloud, and Dunsmuir has a combined church and Sunday-



Thomas Thorsen

PASTOR READ AT MILL JOB
The facts are somewhat alarming.

school membership of 100. Each Sunday Pastor Read holds a 9 a.m. service in the white-painted, frame St. John's Church in McCloud, gives a ten-minute, one-point sermon. Then he hops into his secondhand Chevrolet, drives over a mountain road to Dunsmuir and conducts 11 o'clock services.

In 1950 both missions paid their diocesan assessments in full, Dunsmuir for the first time in 15 years. Dunsmuir has also cut its mortgage in half to \$614.06. When Bishop Porter makes his next visit to the two missions, 25 adults and children will be ready for confirmation.

Such facts somewhat alarm those who know Bob Read. They fear he will soon start looking around for a three- or four-member congregation to build up. Read himself says: "If these missions ever become self-supporting and turn into parishes, I'll have to ask for another transfer. A minister can become smug with success."



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How they stopped broadcasting Jam by the "POUND"

Radio men hate "jam"—extraneous sounds that creep into broadcasts and interfere with reception by the listeners. In the case of a leading studio, engineers were plagued by a persistent pounding that was being picked up by super-sensitive microphones. By a process of elimination, they finally tracked this distracting hammer to its source.

It was a hammer in the pipes carrying the cooling water from the air-conditioning plant in a room near the broadcasting studio. Misalignment, uneven expansion and contraction of the pipe line, and frequent surges of water were setting up a water hammer, just like the one that may have occurred in your own home heating system. After trying all sorts of remedies—even using flexible copper tubing in the pipe line—the studio turned to the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—to see if rubber could be the answer.

To cushion the hammer, the G.T.M. recommended installing a length of Goodyear-built rubber pipe in the offending water line. Known as "Sound-Zorber," this short length of special-built rubber pipe proved to be the answer to the problem. It absorbs water pulses, takes up the uneven contractions of the pipe. And it handles the high pressures needed in the air-

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Big Shocker

The build-up was impressive: Rico Lebrun, who at 51 is among the nation's most respected artists, devoted five years to planning and painting a giant triptych entitled *Crucifixion*; it was well received by his Los Angeles neighbors, and last week Manhattan's choosy Museum of Modern Art had the picture on show. The work itself turned out to be something of a shocker.

An elephantine 16 by 26 ft., it is actually not a Crucifixion, but a Descent from the Cross. Brilliant draftsman that he is, Lebrun has defined every shape dramatically, but they are all ugly, including the figure of Christ, and many are menacing as barbed wire besides. The color is a dirty near-monochrome, was used by Lebrun in the hope that a film short would be based on his picture. It has the glaring light and the wriggling shadows of a flashbulb photograph.

Christ's crown of thorns marks the mathematical center of the composition, but not the spiritual center. Lebrun has chosen to hide Christ's face entirely and to put above His bowed head the face of an anonymous ghoul, a monster that seems to set the overall tone.

The critics were more than kind. "Extraordinarily powerful and moving," one wrote. Another praised it as being "in the pictorial language of a 20th Century painter who is aghast at man's inhumanity to man." Lebrun's technique is clearly 20th Century, since it derives from Picasso's *Gernica*—done in 1937. That tormented masterpiece has a less pretentious theme (the bombing of a Spanish town) and a saving element of compassion that Lebrun's lacks.

But for all its lacks, Lebrun's triptych does have great force—enough to compete with war pictures and even neon signs. That may well be the reason for its critical success. Fifteen years ago, critics were so intent on

ART

judging an artist's skill that they misjudged such unskilled but forceful painters as Gauguin and Van Gogh. For better or worse, a lot of modern critics now rate forcefulness first.

Hopeful Twilight

The first half-century of André Malraux's life has been a full one. A frail little Parisian with bulging eyes and fluttering hands, he has divided his energies between art, Marxism, revolution, literature, archaeology, exploration and war, is now chief political adviser to General Charles de Gaulle. Among Malraux's writings are two first-rate novels (*Man's Fate*, *Man's Hope*) and an equally fine study of art history. Splendidly illustrated translations of the first two volumes of his *Psychology of Art* were published in the U.S. in 1949. Last week came Volume 3, *The Twilight of the Absolute* (Pantheon; \$12.50).

Critic Malraux is not always clear about what he means by "the absolute," but generally it comes down to a matter of religion; he believes Christianity is in a twilight stage. For him, a little pseudo-Gothic church on Broadway, tucked away amongst the skyscrapers, is symbolic of the age. On the whole face of the globe the civilization that has conquered it has failed to build a temple or a tomb."

Taken together, Malraux's three volumes constitute a rambling, rapt, repetitive essay touching on almost every known

period and style of art from Celtic coins to Wei Buddhas. Slushy and bone-clean by turns, it abounds in brilliant insights, bends them to the service of a single theme: the all-inclusiveness of the 20th Century's art heritage and the importance of using it well.

Great art of the past, Malraux points out, is largely religious, almost always the product of homogeneous, self-assured cultures. It follows that since contemporary civilization is irreligious, divided and painfully unsure of itself, contemporary artists can achieve greatness only by such brand-new means as making art itself a sort of religion, using the art of happier times as source material, and finding self-assurance in the spirit of historical investigation.

Malraux is not whistling in the twilight. Modern art, he is convinced, accomplishes all those things. What's more, it "has liberated painting, which is now triumphantly a law unto itself. And which, indirectly and unwittingly albeit, has replaced tradition—in other words a culture studiously self-conscious—by a culture that is unself-conscious; setting up against a system of imperatives a system of research and exploration. In this quest the artist (and perhaps modern man in general) knows only his starting point, his methods and his bearings—no more than these—and follows in the steps of the great sea-venturers."

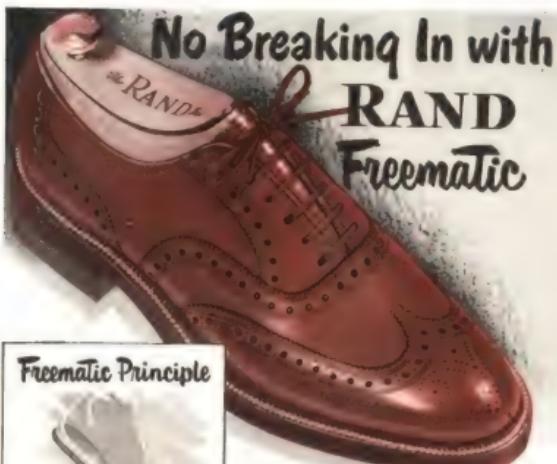
Malraux believes that nobody is really in a position to understand modern art: "A fish is badly placed for judging what the aquarium looks like from the outside." Actually, Malraux approaches the whole history of art from the inside, gets his best insights by studying the beliefs and aspirations that have formed it. For that reason, his book offers few easy generalities, makes difficult reading. But when the easy chatter of the popularizers has faded away, students may still be puzzling out Malraux.



LEBRUN'S "CRUCIFIXION"

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Straightforwardness

Henry Koerner's meticulous realism strikes a lot of moderns as just a throwback to 19th Century genre painting. But since art moves in cycles, it may really represent an advance. Koerner obviously thinks so; the only question he asks himself is how to consolidate his advance.

Though he paints people and things he sees, Koerner assembles them to suit himself on carefully planned canvases. No one could fail to appreciate the competence of Koerner's last exhibition (TIME, March 27), but many complained of its tightness and dryness along with its general atmosphere of gloomy obscurity. His new paintings, on view in Manhattan gallery last week, suffer less noticeably from such faults.

"This year," Koerner says, "I dragged my canvases everywhere to do everything



KOERNER'S "SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY"
is reality richer?

on the spot. It's amazing how easily you forget reality, and how much richer it is. Instead of painting just people I made them real portraits, I tried very hard for likenesses. Do you think Springtime for Henry looks like me?"

One of his few cheerful pictures, *Henry* does. It also shows Koerner's growing independence of involved, story-telling props. The children's airplane swing on which the figure poses might be taken to symbolize the young showoff side of any artist's make-up, as well as the realist's happy lot—which is to go around looking. The jar of fish he totes with him might symbolize almost anything. But those two props do not make the painting, or even intrude on it too much.

Studying nature, not imitating modern masters, is Koerner's method, and straightforwardness, not forcefulness, appears to be his goal. In painting, that looks easy and comes hard.

THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

From the Houston Post:

RULE FOR MARRIAGE:
KNOW EACH OTHER

Censorship? No & Yes

Is any form of press censorship needed now? From two members of Harry Truman's Cabinet, newsmen got two answers last week.

In Boston, Attorney General Howard McGrath told newsmen: "Newspapers enjoying unlimited freedom from Government interference can be, have been and are, some of them, vile and dishonorable beyond all understanding . . . [But] under this Administration there will be no implied, no disguised, no direct and no indirect censorship . . . even if the tiny group of malcontents who traduce your Government from day to day were to increase and intensify their output twenty-fold."

But in Columbus, Ohio, Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer suggested to the Ohio Newspaper Association that some sort of voluntary censorship is necessary to prevent leaks of defense data. While he admitted that many leaks came from people in Washington who liked "seeing their names in the papers," Sawyer thought the American Society of Newspaper Editors could work out a way of keeping such leaks out of the papers. To help them out, he had set up a division in the Commerce Department to offer advice on what people could say or not say about industrial technical data without violating security. "This service," he said airily, ". . . is designed to furnish a point in Government to which the patriotic citizen can turn when in doubt as to what he should or should not reveal."

The anti-Truman New York Daily News thought there was something fishy about the preoccupation of two non-military Cabinet members with censorship problems. For fellow newsmen it had a warning: "Brace Yourselves, Gents . . . Evidently honest criticism is getting under Harry's hide . . . Better close ranks right now, and get set for the next snide Administration attack on the freedom of the press."

Circulation Increase

U.S. daily newspaper circulation is at a record 54,877,000,⁹ an increase of 2.6 million in a year. So N. W. Ayer & Sons Directory of Newspapers and Periodicals reported last week. Afternoon papers showed the biggest gain: 2,000,000 (to 33 million).

* But no world's record in proportion to population. According to the U.N. Statistical Yearbook, Americans are in seventh place in newspaper readership. First is Britain, where, statistically, too out of every 1,000 buy a paper a day. Runners-up: Luxembourg (445), Australia (432), Norway (421), Sweden (416), Switzerland (355), U.S. (354).

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The Unhappy Time

After 20 years of syndicated punditry, Columnist Walter Lippmann last week let readers in on a handy trick of his trade. "No one can have been writing for newspapers for a long time," he wrote, "without being fully aware of how much safer it is to prophesy disaster than to venture to express a hope. It is safe to be gloomy. If one prophesies disaster and it happens, one has been a true prophet. And if it does not happen, one is readily forgiven and may even suggest that but for the warning the disaster would have happened."

Tarradiddle & Truth

When Editor Michael Straight of the *New Republic* picked up his telephone in Washington one morning last week, London was on the wire. His caller was his old friend Kingsley Martin, editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*. Editor Martin was in a high huff about a "rather dirty trick," to wit, the liberal *New Republic*, which had long seen eye to eye with the *New Statesman*, had turned on Fellow-Liberal Martin in a most unpleasant manner.

The attack on the *New Statesman* was written by Richard Strout, Washington correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, and briefly U.S. correspondent for the *New Statesman* during a period when, as he said, he was "unfamiliar with its prejudices." Wrote Strout: "There is something uncanny in the way *New Statesman* dispatches from all over the world . . . converge ultimately on the faults of the U.S. . . . Difficulties arise sometimes as to whether the *New Statesman* is not merely following the party line. This hardly seems possible, yet the evidence is baffling."

War & Peace. The evidence, said Strout, included Martin's favorite contention that the U.S. is trying to bring on World War III; that General MacArthur disobeyed United Nations directives when he crossed the 38th parallel in Korea. Martin had also stated that Red China had been promised that MacArthur would not cross the parallel. Said Strout: there is no evidence that either of these statements is true. In truth, Strout added this week, the *New Statesman* itself "has encouraged the spread of the war by enlisting sympathy for the Chinese aggressors."

Strout's cruellest cut was a repetition of the charge (TIME, Feb. 26), that Martin was really Britain's Bertie McCormick. "Different as the publishers are in some respects," wrote Strout, "they share a furious self-righteousness, a fine ability to raise everybody's blood-pressure and a loathing for American foreign policy."

Last week Martin followed up his telephone call to Straight with a signed rebuttal in the *New Statesman* and a 1,900-word cable to the *New Republic* denouncing Strout's "tarradiddle." Martin was obviously not a Communist because he had been "frequently . . . denounced by the Soviets as various kinds of a Fascist beast," he wrote. And hadn't the *New Statesman* been denied a correspondent in Moscow? As for MacArthur, said Martin



NEW STATESMAN'S MARTIN

On the wire.

in his best *non sequitur* fashion, hadn't Americans criticized Britain's Colonel Blimp? Furthermore, "American generals . . . don't disguise their view that we [in Britain] may be expendable."

Next Enemy. Martin dropped one admission that helped explain the *New Statesman's* line: "Today the center of capitalist power has moved from London to Washington, and Socialists' criticism must also move from London to Washington." In short, for left-wingers of Martin's stripe, with capitalism on the run in England, the next enemy is not Communism but capitalism in the U.S.

That was too much for Mike Straight. In this week's *New Republic* he took direct issue with his old friend. It was not a



J. G. Zimmerman
NEW REPUBLIC'S STRAIGHT
On the line.

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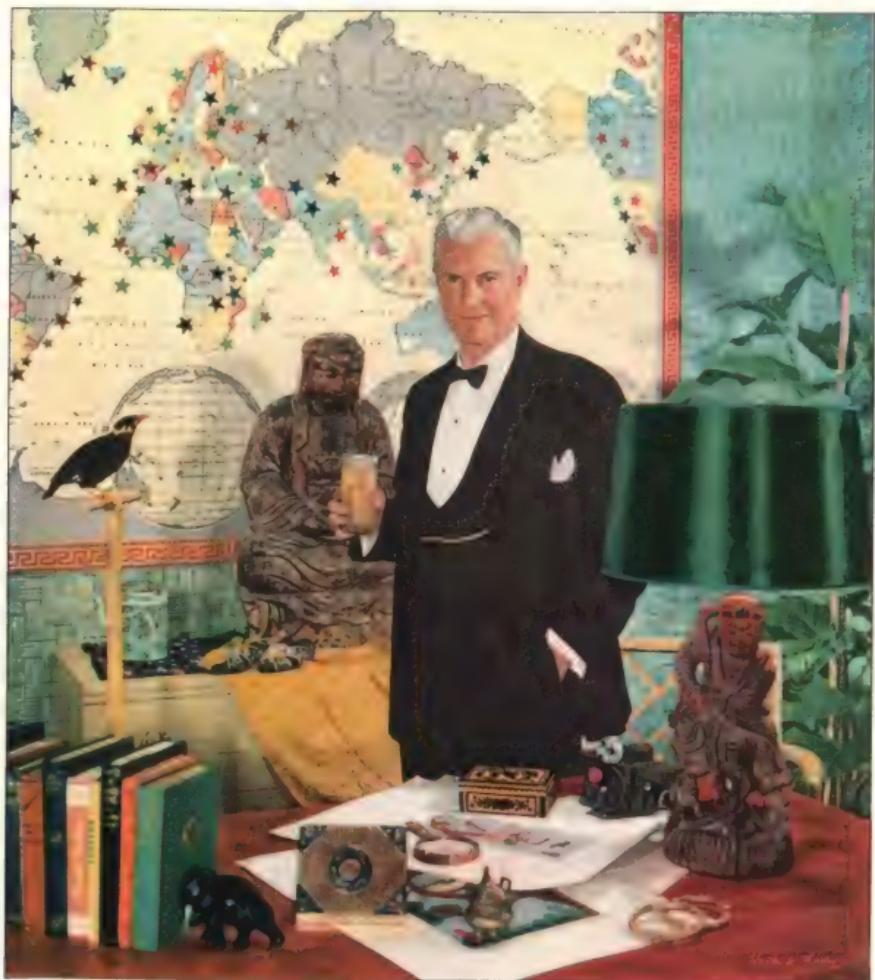


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as a shipboard reader
and as an observer in the Malay
islands before making his first
expedition to Arctic Lapland.
Since then he has travelled upon
the long, many expeditions into
some of the most remote corners
of the globe, and this is the
scarf indicating one of his visits.
The Mynah bird, above, is a sou-
venir of his latest trip to Malaya.

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case of British liberalism v. American liberalism, he wrote. "We believe [the] struggle is between dictatorship of the Soviet brand and democracy." He stood on the line of democracy. Where stood the *New Statesman*? Straight noted that *New Statesman* pundit G. D. H. Cole had recently said that he would take "the Soviet world" in any showdown between the U.S. and Russia. Asked Straight: "Is this the editorial policy of the *New Statesman*? Presumably, it is . . ."

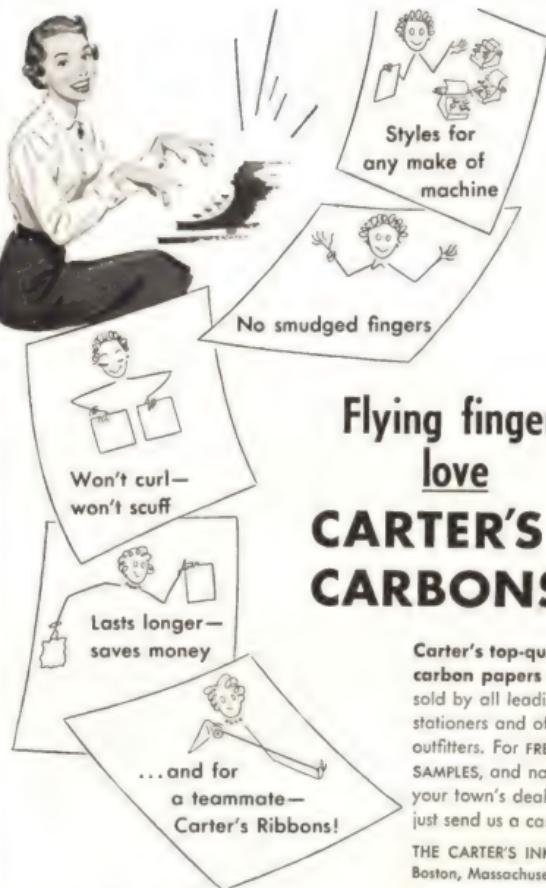
Interpreter of the U.S.

Most foreign correspondents are attracted to Washington as irresistibly as iron filings to a magnet. Not so Alistair Cooke, 42, author (*A Generation on Trial*) and chief U.S. correspondent of England's famed *Manchester Guardian*. "... Washington may be the best place to watch how the Government sees the foreign news." Cooke wrote recently, "[but] it is possibly the worst place to watch how America sees the world."

For a better vantage point, Correspondent Cooke, who makes his own headquarters in Manhattan, was packing his bags this week for his twelfth trip across the U.S., a custom which has already taken him to the highways & byways of all the states. Says Cooke: "In Britain, I bear the 48 states on my shoulders."

Cooke bears them so well that to millions of Britons he has become a semi-official interpreter of the U.S. He has a reporter's eye for the lighter moods & manners of the U.S., a good ear for its idioms and a graceful, often witty, style that does equally well with a New York street scene, the Fourth of July in a small town, or the look of the Kansas prairies. Britons have come to depend on his daily *Guardian* dispatches and his weekly recorded 15-minute BBC broadcasts ("Letter from America") for their knowledge of U.S. life outside the stereotypes (Chicago gangsters, Hollywood divorcees, Senator Claghorns) purveyed by most of Britain's popular press. Cooke used the occasion of the recent atomic bomb tests to discuss mining and farming in Nevada, which most Britons knew only for Reno and gambling. For an Easter story this year, Cooke is assuming that England knows about Manhattan's Fifth Avenue parade, plans to tell about the Easter rituals of the Ute and Yaqui Indians.

Discovering America. Manchester-born Reporter Cooke's interest in the U.S. dates from 1932 when, just out of Cambridge, he came to study drama at Yale on a British fellowship. He became fascinated by U.S. dialects and folklore, gave up the idea of becoming an actor and went on to Harvard for more study of the U.S. He went back to England for 2½ years (1934-37), then returned to do a general commentary for NBC, worked in his spare time as a string correspondent for the *Times* of London. By 1941 his Americanization was so complete that he became a citizen. BBC hired him as a U.S. correspondent in World War II, and by 1945 Cooke was so well known that he got a cable "from a man I'd never heard of"—



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MURRAY HAMILTON-COLE

Alistair Cooke
At cover-point, an onthill.

Editor A. P. Wadsworth of the *Manchester Guardian*—asking him to cover the San Francisco Conference. He has been with the *Guardian* ever since.

In newspaper-starved Britain, whose press does an indifferent-to-bad job of covering the U.S., probably only the *Guardian* would have given Cooke the elbow room for his leisurely essays on everything from Tom Dewey ("a certified public accountant in pursuit of the Holy Grail") to Babe Ruth's death ("He was Hercules with bat in hand, but he was Hercules done by Disney") and the suppressed Briticisms of Anglophobe Robert R. McCormick ("Still talking with a trace of British accent, taking afternoon tea, wearing a wrist watch on each hand, and being forever to his friends known as Bertie. Freud, thou shouldest be living at this hour . . . !").

Test Matches. Cooke makes no attempt to be a political oracle, is not regarded as such in Britain. Ordinarily he avoids political predictions, sticks to interpreting what has happened, and, in doing so, usually leans toward the Administration line. But his shrewd wit can often knock an overblown issue down to its true perspective. When other correspondents wrote of a "rising tide" of anti-British sentiment in 1949, Cooke observed: "Senator Kerr of Missouri . . . has never constituted a rising tide."

Cooke is at his best in interpreting American customs to the British. In 1949 he described the World Series ("the American Test Matches") in cricket terms. "The pitch is known as the diamond, and the bowling of the ball is known as the pitch . . . First-base [is] an anthill at cover-point. The second-base . . . is roughly at long-on. The third base is at square leg. The object of the game . . . is to hit the ball and run around all the bases and back to the wicket . . . If you hit a six, you are presumed to have gone full circle."



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SCIENCE

Freak Effect

Dr. David Bradley is a physician (not a physicist) who attended the Bikini atom-bomb tests in 1946 and wrote the atomic scare-book, *No Place to Hide*. Last week, more scared than ever, he told an audience at Trinity College in Hartford, Conn., that one of the recent atomic explosions in Nevada was 500 times more powerful than a conventional (or Model-T) A-bomb. Therefore, reasoned Bradley, it must have been a hydrogen bomb. He based both premise and conclusion on the fact that the bomb broke windows in Las Vegas, nearly ten times farther from the explosion than the most distant windows broken at Hiroshima.

Specious reasoning, retorted Physicist Ralph E. Lapp, author of the un-scared book, *Must We Hide?* Explosions often have freakish effects. Even comparatively feeble ones have freakishly broken windows many miles away, leaving nearer windows unbroken. One cause: an "inversion" (layer of warm air) in the atmosphere, that reflects shock waves downward—and may concentrate them.

Senator Brian McMahon, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, made an official comment on the H-bomb theory. Said McMahon: "It just isn't so."

There has been atomic progress of another sort: toward handier, "tactical" nuclear explosives, perhaps the much-desired atomic artillery shells.

Major General Ward H. Maris, the Army's research chief, said on a broadcast at week's end: "Gratifying progress has been made in providing powerful and practical atomic weapons for tactical use by the ground forces."



J. G. Zimmerman

PHYSICIST WATERMAN
Out of theory, gadgets.

Basic Director

Dr. Alan T. Waterman was appointed last week as first director of the National Science Foundation, whose principal job is to stimulate theoretical research. U.S. scientists were sure to cheer the choice. As chief civilian scientist in the Office of Naval Research, Dr. Waterman was largely responsible for the extraordinary respect which non-Government scientists feel toward ONR. Its ultimate objective was to develop weapons, but it did not limit itself to gadgeteering. Realizing that really new weapons can grow only from new theory, it encouraged all sorts of basic research, much of it far removed from direct weapons work.

Dr. Waterman got his Ph.D. from Princeton in 1916, taught physics off & on at Yale until 1942, joined the Office of Scientific Research and Development (the overall agency headed by Vannevar Bush that guided wartime research). In 1946 he shifted to ONR. As director of the National Science Foundation, he will work for a board of 24 prominent scientists headed by Harvard's President James Bryant Conant. Last fall Congress appropriated \$225,000 to get the foundation going, may give it up to \$15 million this year to encourage basic research throughout the U.S.

Rough on Aphids

George Curtis Quick, ladybug merchant of Phoenix, Ariz., was as busy last week as any of his bugs. Orders were flooding in from all over the country. An Oklahoma farmer ordered 1,000 gallons of bugs (135,000 bugs per gal.). A group in the Texas Panhandle wanted all that "Pappy" Quick could supply. The price: \$7.50 per gal., in lots of ten gallons or more.

In his years as a professional crop-duster, Pappy saw the damage that poisons can do in upsetting the balance of nature. They often kill all insects, including those that eat other insects. Heavy dusting or spraying is often followed by a plague of sap-sucking plant lice (aphids), which are normally held within bounds by their natural enemies, ladybugs.* The logical answer: supply ladybugs.

Pappy established himself in Phoenix and scouted around for sources of bug supply. Several Western species have a fortunate habit of flying up canyons to hibernate, gathering in large masses on rocks or bushes. They can be brushed off and sold to Pappy, who hibernates them artificially in refrigerators at 36° F.

Pappy's bugs are collected by canyon-tromping outdoor types in most of the Rocky Mountain states. In spring he ships them by air as far away as Detroit. As soon as they eat a few aphids, they begin to reproduce. The eggs laid by the females hatch into larvae that look like miniature Gila monsters and devour up to

* Entomological purists insist that ladybugs are not true bugs (*Hemiptera*), but beetles (*Coleoptera*).

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so aphids a day. In around 20 days the larvae are ready to reproduce, too. "We just plant the seeds," says Pappy, "it's the multiplication does the work."

With the demand far greater than the supply, Pappy tries to tell farmers how to make the most of their bugs. "You gotta be patient with them," he warns his customers. "They are easily frightened, timid bugs. Just lay them down gently, one handful at a time, and they'll go right to work next day."

Problem in Security

Atomic authorities are still baffled by Scientist-Spy Klaus Fuchs, who has been locked in his British prison for twelve months of his 14-year sentence. As a trusted insider in both U.S. and British atom-bomb laboratories, Fuchs had an enormous amount of secret and vital information. He insists that he transmitted



TRAITOR FUCHS
Some secrets are hard to tell.
Keystone

his knowledge to the Russians. If he did, the secrets might as well be published openly, with benefit to all Western scientists.

But did he? Who can be sure? Fuchs was a theoretical physicist (one of the best), and the matters he dealt with were abstract and difficult. It is hard to transmit such knowledge from one qualified scientific mind to another, even with plenty of time and many face-to-face conversations. There is an excellent chance that much of Fuchs's information never reached Russian physicists in a form they can use.

Besides, the authorities reason, Fuchs may still be trying to help the Russians from his prison cell. He may be confessing to have told more than he actually did—in hope that publication will finally transmit all his knowledge to the Russians. So the authorities figure that it is best to keep their mouths tight shut, act as if Traitor Fuchs had told the Russians nothing.



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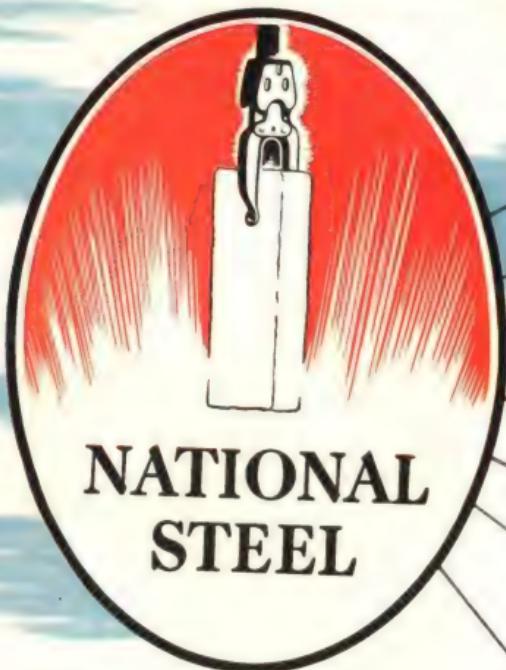
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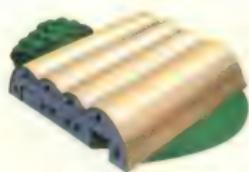
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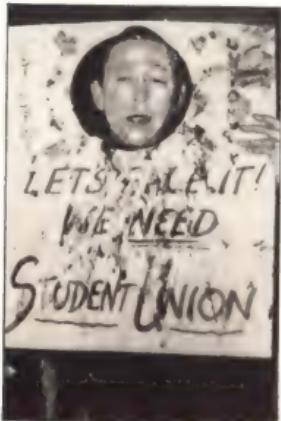
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For \$5, a student at New York University could throw a pie in somebody's face last week—and have the added satisfaction of knowing that he was helping the fund for a student-union building. Armored in long raincoats, volunteer pie stoppers received volleys in their choice of six flavors: huckleberry, cherry, apple, chocolate, lemon meringue and banana cream. Speech Professor Alan Coutts, who is also director of student activities and a veteran of a similar pie sling a



Acme

PIE-STOPPER COUTTS
Recommended: banana cream.

year ago, heartily recommended banana cream. "That's pretty nice; I tried it last year." Later, grimacing bravely, Coutts stepped forward and got a 1951 facial of lemon meringue. Day's take for the building fund: \$115.

Death in the Dark

One night a fortnight ago, Allen Kaplan of Chelsea, Mass., piled into a car with a group of his chums at Northwestern State College in Natchitoches, La., and headed for Grand Ecore Bluff, a remote lovers' lane along the high banks of the Red River. Their supposed purpose: to meet a "hot date" the upperclassmen had fixed up for 18-year-old Freshman Kaplan. They parked the car. Suddenly, as the upperclassmen had planned, another student, impersonating an outraged husband, jumped from behind some bushes and fired a shotgun. The group scattered on the run. The upperclassmen made their way back to the car and waited for Kaplan's sheepish return. But he never came back.

Last week, after seven days of searching, Kaplan's body was found spinning in a whirlpool at the base of a 40-ft. bluff near the site of the prank. Frightened and

confused in the dark, he had evidently run the wrong way, plunged over the bluff into the flood-swollen Red River and drowned.

Spinner at Rollins

When 33-year-old Paul A. Wagner took over as president of Rollins College (enrollment 630) in 1949, faculty men noted the cut of his jut jaw, decided he would make things spin on the experiment-minded campus at Winter Park, Fla. A recent executive of Chicago's camera-building Bell & Howell Co., Wagner (University of Chicago, '38) was full of ideas about using the new audio-visual teaching devices developed by the armed forces in World War II. Said he: "If our teachers intend to compete with movies, television and comic books, they will have to use the tools of our times."

This week Rollins was spinning over a presidential announcement: 17 members of the 53-man faculty were being fired. Wagner's reason: an anticipated 30% drop in enrollments next fall. The Rollins campus was not completely convinced; pointing to the fact that Wagner had sacked several senior teachers, some decided that the new president was getting rid of some who did not fit into the audio-visual future.

Santa Clara's 100th

In California, where everything grows fast, even colleges and universities can become giants within a few years. But California's oldest college has never gone in for bigness. Last week, as the University of Santa Clara celebrated its 100th anniversary, it still seemed a place apart from the rest of the brash and bustling state.

In modest celebration, Santa Clara set aside three days for learned talk on such subjects as "Constitutional and Natural Rights," "Philosophy and the Social Sciences," "Labor and Management"; guest speakers included Roscoe Pound, famed sometime dean of the Harvard Law School and now of U.C.L.A., and Jim Carey, national C.I.O. braintrust. But there was no great fanfare, just discussion of the sorts of things that have been Santa Clara's concerns since the day it began.

Santa Clara was originally founded as a Franciscan mission, and Father Junipero Serra, California's great mission priest, dedicated its church himself in 1784. But in 1852, with California booming with gold rush, the mission was transferred to the Jesuits for a college.

Most of Santa Clara's physical growth has come in the last 25 years. In that time it has developed a modern plant of 14 mission-style buildings, schools of law, engineering and business administration. But it was not until after World War II that the school passed the 1,000-mark in enrollment (present enrollment: 1,130).*

* Among 27 Jesuit colleges and universities in the U.S. (total enrollment: 88,000), Santa Clara ranks 21st in size. The biggest: Fordham (9,500).



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has never grown rich, has an endowment of only \$400,000. Nonetheless, its president since 1945, Father William C. Giannera, has so far kept Santa Clara in the black. One reason: the 32 non-salaried Jesuits on the staff of 87 are maintained by the order, a fact which President Giannera reckons is worth an endowment of \$2,500,000. Moreover, despite its lack of size and money, Santa Clara has turned out its share of well-trained businessmen, teachers and scholars, not to overlook a few movie actors (among them: Andy Devine, Lloyd Nolan, Edmund Lowe).

Though 85% of its students are Roman



Bob Lechtenbach—Cal-Pictures

FATHER GIANNERA
The mission has not changed.

Catholics, only a handful go into the Jesuit order. Courses in religion, required for Catholics, are optional for non-Catholics. But all students in liberal arts must take four years of philosophy, the core of the curriculum. Today, says President Giannera, Santa Clara's mission is just what it always was: "To give a sound Christian education to men who must deal with the problems of modern living."

Fellow Wanted

One London daily headlined the story: GHOST HUNTER SOUGHT. This was the newspaper's way of saying that Cambridge University's oddest fellowship was looking for a candidate again. Cambridge was willing to grant £300 a year (for a maximum of two years) to a qualified and acceptable student who would investigate "some problem in psychical research."

The grant came from an old Cantabrigian named Frank Duerdin Perrott. When Perrott first made his offer in 1919—at the start of the spiritualistic inquiries of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—the university huffily said no; it suspected a hoax. In 1927—the year Perrott died—Cambridge relented. In the 24 years since that time, however, only two acceptable scholars have been found. Last week, Cam-

AIR-MAZING FACTS

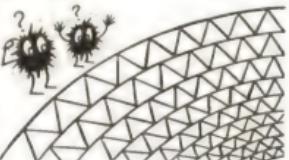
O. SO GLOW



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bridge was looking for a third fellow to carry on the quest for what Perrott defined as "the existence of super-normal powers of cognition or action in human beings in their present life, or the persistence of the human mind after bodily death."

Fossilized Europeans?

Again & again during his 15 months as a visiting lecturer in Continental universities (The Netherlands, Switzerland, France, Belgium), Perry Miller, professor of American literature at Harvard, felt distinctly uneasy. Between the educated American and the educated European there seemed to stand an intellectual wall that made real understanding impossible. Was it the fault of U.S. education, which his European friends called "superficial and materialistic"? Not at all, declares Miller in the current *Atlantic Monthly*; the fault is European.

Unlike the American, says Miller, the university-educated European is fiercely jealous of his position. Whether the university man is French or Dutch or Swiss, he is basically the same. "Each university does cling proudly and even fiercely to its distinguishing 'tradition'—and yet education on the Continent, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, is standardized . . . I am forced to declare that there are respects in which the Continental method has become a hindrance to the Continent's survival. It is, in short, fossilized.

"The serious student, after a high school that consists of intensive drill in memorization and very little else, enters the university at about 18 . . . is confined to a single 'faculty,' and never, intellectually speaking, gets outside it. Then and there he is committed for life to theology, law, or medicine." To impart knowledge of other fields is not the university's job. "It is a professional training ground, and it imparts standard and formal disciplines. In the university, the professor tells the student, and on examinations, the student repeats what the professor has told him."

European students do branch out into art and music, but they do so on their own. And "these amenities are cultivated, not because they are real knowledge, but as badges of class and status . . . like needle point among Victorian women . . . Hence the careful student of Europe today discovers, with a horror . . . that the so-called culture of Europe does not go very deep. The American often leaves his campus still vulgar . . . but we do have the opportunity . . . of impressing upon him the glimmerings of a notion that learning is not something apart from life."

Costs in California

A faculty group at the University of California last week gave its own tabulation of the cost of last year's loyalty-oath uproar (*TIME*, June 27, 1949 *et seq.*): 110 scholars. Twenty-six had been fired, 37 had resigned, 47 from other schools had declined invitations to teach or lecture. Among the 47: Harvard's Howard Mumford Jones, Minnesota's Robert Penn (*All the King's Men*) Warren, Chicago's Philosopher Rudolf Carnap.

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Burgess Meredith, distinguished actor and director of the play, "Season in the Sun," is a member of the *Aqua Velva* After-Shave Club.

RADIO & TV

Bardolatry

Currently starring in the hit revival of *Twentieth Century*, and best known for his stage & screen acting of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, 39-year-old José Ferrer remains a frustrated Shakespearean actor. His only Broadway appearance in Shakespeare was as a sharply etched Iago to Paul Robeson's 1943 *Othello*. This week, with *José Ferrer Presents Shakespeare* (Sun. 10 p.m.) over Manhattan's station WNEW, he got a zealot's chance to share his bardolatry with a wide audience.

Ferrer's show, aimed at listeners who were discouraged in their youth by a "dry and dusty classroom introduction to the master," offers a grab-bag variety of Shakespearean scenes, soliloquies, entire



JOSÉ FERRER
And a flourish, with liberties.

plays. For radio serial lovers, there is a four-installment version of *Julius Caesar*, complete with synopses ("Amid the carnival-like entry of Caesar, the procession passes through the streets of Rome, leaving behind Brutus, who ponders Caesar's behavior, and Cassius, who waxes lean and hungry with petty resentment . . ."). Amateur talent scouts had a chance to vote for the best of three recorded Hamlets (John Gielgud, Maurice Evans, John Barrymore). As a change of pace, Ferrer promises readings from Shakespeare's sonnets by Gielgud, Basil Rathbone, Dame Edith Evans, as well as his own interpretations of roles from *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet*. To close his lively half-hour with a Shakespearean flourish, Puerto Rican-born Actor Ferrer took some liberties with lines from *Richard II*:

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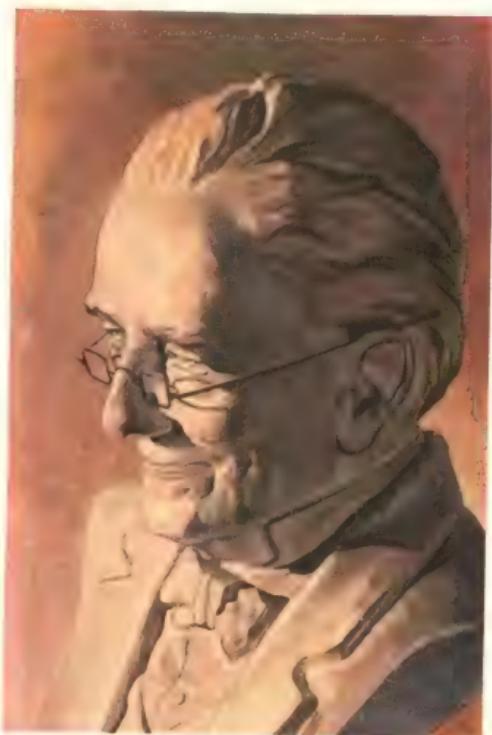
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A Heap O' Rhymin'

Television, desperate for enough material to fill its broadcast hours, has finally discovered an almost inexhaustible source. The verbal reservoir: 69-year-old Edgar A. Guest, "poet of the plain people," who has been dashing off at least one verse a day for almost 50 years, mainly for his daily stint in the Detroit *Free Press*. In 1930, when he stopped counting them, Guest had already mass-produced more than 10,000 cheerful rhymes.

A Homely Type. With *A Guest in Your Home* (weekdays, 3:15 p.m.), NBC last week set about tapping this flood of tripping words, got even more than it had bargained for. On TV, Versifier Guest projects a personality that has far more bite than his poetry. His assets include a



EDGAR GUEST

"Naturally I'm optimistic."

suave platform manner perfected at innumerable Rotary luncheons, nimble eyebrows, a vibrant voice that radiates sincerity. Seated at a circular table, looking like a cross between an older Fred Allen and the late O. O. McIntyre, he recites his poems, listens contentedly to ballad-singing Guitarist Paul Arnold, or makes small talk with a wholesome-looking young woman named Rachel Stevenson, who occasionally pours coffee. Sometimes a guest sits in, but "we never have a celebrity, just some homely type with a warm, interesting human story."

British-born Edgar Guest prefers to think of himself as a working newspaperman, rather than a poet. He joined the staff of the *Free Press* in 1895, has been there ever since. But even as a police reporter, he overflowed with human kindness and still corresponds with a few lifers who sentimentally recall his heart-warming stories about their crimes, trials and convictions. Possibly the only exception to his engrossing sentimental regard for humanity is the author (Dorothy Parker)

A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a mechanical device, possibly a reel or part of a machine, with a coiled wire rope running through it. The background is dark and textured.

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heatedly denies the honor) of the cynical couplet:

*I'd rather flunk my Wassermann test
Than read a poem by Edgar A. Guest.*

Out of Experience. Guest explains his philosophy by saying that "everything I've ever wanted has been given me—so naturally I'm optimistic." With the help of his brother, a printer, Guest personally published his first three books of verse. Encouraged by their modest sale, he submitted the fourth, *A Heap o' Livin'*, to both Harper and Doubleday. Both turned it down and the book was eventually brought out by Reilly & Lee, the Chicago house that has issued all 22 of his subsequent books. *A Heap o' Livin'* sold more than half a million copies, and so deeply moved certain members of a school board that they named a Detroit grammar school after Guest. Because he figures that "if something happens to me, it must happen to other people," Guest tries to write his verses out of his own experience. But the strain of turning out a poem a day for half a century is beginning to tell. Says Guest warmly: "If anybody'd give me a new idea, I'd kiss 'em."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, March 16. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *La Bohème*, with Bidu Sayao.

NBC Symphony (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). First of spring concert series.

Foreign Policy Address (Sat. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Senator Robert Taft.

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 11:35 a.m., CBS). *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). Jascha Heifetz plays Sibelius' *Trio in Concerto in D Minor*.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *Jeanne*, with Margaret Phillips, Signe Hasso, Barry Sullivan.

Hollywood Star Playhouse (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Richard Widmark in *The Redheaded Man*.

Screen Directors' Playhouse (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). *The Great Lover*, with Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming.

TELEVISION

Mama (Fri. 8 p.m., CBS). Starring Peggy Wood.

Mrs. Roosevelt Meets the Public (Sun. 3:30 p.m., NBC). Guests: the Secretaries of the Army, Navy and Air Force.

Gabby Hayes Show (Sun. 5 p.m., NBC). U.S. history stories for children.

Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Bea Lillie, Rex Harrison, Jean Sablon.

Philco TV Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). *The Dark Corridor*, with Wesley Addy.

Musical Comedy Time (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Bert Lahr in *Flying High*.

Four Star Revue (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). Jimmy Durante.

Kreisler Bandstand (Wed. 8:30 p.m., ABC). Benny Goodman and his orchestra.

MEDICINE

Frostbite, Amputation

At first, her mere survival was enough to make medical history of the case of Dorothy Mae ("Johnny") Stevens, who was found chilled (body temperature: 63°) in a Chicago alley last month (TIME, Feb. 19). For a while her doctors even dared to hope that she might recover completely. Last week, however, they discovered that poisons from dead tissue in Johnny's legs were being absorbed into her bloodstream. They watched carefully for two more days, then amputated both of her legs nine inches below the knees. There was a chance that several of her fingertips might have to go the same way.

Cortisone Shortage

An assistant cashier in a New Jersey bank, arrested last January for embezzling \$9,000 from his till, had a shocking story to tell. He was a sober, hard-working family man, a devoted husband, father of six children. He told authorities he had taken the money to buy cortisone for his wife, who had suffered for years from crippling arthritis. The drug had made a new woman of her. While the dosage continued, she was free of pain, able to leave her bed and care for her children. But the cost was great—close to \$5 a day.

The cashier's indictment for theft was not pressed. Last week he had a new job (washing cars in a Newark garage), but his wife was back in bed again. There was virtually no cortisone to be found, at any price, for her treatment.



MOLTEN STEEL V. HARD ROCK

Colorado Steelworker Ben Fernandez was a sorry sight last month (above, left) after a cauldron of molten iron (temperature: 2,700° F.) blew up in his face. Thanks to his safety glasses, his eyes were unharmed. Thanks to his rugged constitution, he quickly recovered (right) from the second- and third-degree burns which covered the rest of his face and neck. His only treatment was bed-rest and disinfectant applications. "Ben is a steelworker and hard rock," said his doctor. "He never went into shock and never needed anything else."

Throughout the nation there were other arthritis sufferers in the same fix as the cashier's wife. Since the hormone was first placed on the market about four months ago, many have come to depend on it as the best source of relief for their agonies. Its virtue for the arthritic lies in continued doses; yet drugstores are stacking up piles of prescriptions for cortisone in their files and giving the customer vague promises. A Long Island druggist nostalgically recalls filling an order of 20 vials of cortisone two months ago with no trouble. Now he has none to give customers, who frantically offer "to pay anything." Some unscrupulous dealers are reported ready to sell what supplies they have at double the recommended price.

From the panic that accompanied the sudden shortage a tide of rumors sprang up: cortisone was being hoarded by the Government, being shipped to Russia, being bought up by gamblers to dope race horses, being bootlegged in a nationwide black market. In New York, the department of health began an investigation. The truth about cortisone is apparently less dramatic than the rumors.

Last week Merck & Co., principal manufacturers of cortisone, took full-page ads in the New York Times, Herald Tribune and other metropolitan newspapers to explain: "The shortage is actually caused by a problem more fundamental than black-marketing. This problem is one of supply. Merck is producing enough Cortone [their trade name for the drug] to care for tens of thousands of patients, but the demand

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for cortisone involves hundreds of thousands. This demand cannot be satisfied by present methods of manufacture. The present starting material is cattle bile, an organic substance limited in supply. Before cortisone can be made in sufficient quantities, a new, more plentiful starting material will have to be found."

The Main Things

"I'd give the patient another few weeks," said Dr. Napoleão Laureano impersonally, "a month or so at the very most." The young (36) Brazilian surgeon spoke with plenty of authority. He had spent more than two years in an intensive study of the disease in question. Moreover, he knew the patient well. It was Dr. Laureano himself.

Last week, in the simple certainty that his own case of lymphosarcoma (a cancerous disease of the lymphatic tissues)



Associated Press

DR. LAUREANO
"A man ought to die at home."

is incurable, he left Manhattan's Memorial Hospital, to fly home to Brazil with his pretty wife Marcina. "A man ought to die at home," he told reporters on his way to La Guardia Field. "We have a fine new house at João Pessoa. We've been making payments on it for three years."

There were other things that called the doctor back home: his four-year-old daughter, a townful of patients and friends —many of whom had chipped in to send him to New York for treatment and consultation—and the work he had begun. When his own case showed itself, Dr. Laureano was in the process of setting up a clinic for the diagnosis and detection of cancer. All of these things were on his mind at the airport. Said he: "You see how very important work is, especially work you want to finish. You cherish friendships more than ever. You recognize that affection, good will and love are the main things. And family, the ones who are so close."



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Lower Standard

There is no evidence that Britons' hearts have grown any fainter during their years of meat famine and general austerity, but it seems to be a fact that their blood is running thinner. Last week an officer of the Greater London Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service announced that tests on blood donors in 1950 had revealed a hemoglobin (oxygen-carrying red pigment) level several points below the average in 1939. As a result, the Red Cross lowered its minimum hemoglobin standard for new donors from 92% to 85%.

Patientship

British Humorist Stephen Potter introduced a new approach to sport with his 1947 book, *Gamemanship: The Art of Winning at Games Without Actually Cheating* (TIME, Sept. 6, 1948). Since then, he has applied his subtle new strategy to other departments (e.g., Guestmanship) in the never-ending game of life. Last week in Britain's learned medical journal, the *Lancet*, Philosopher Potter considered some likely gambits in the ancient game of Doctor v. Patient.

In this conflict, of course, the doctor always has the advantage of his specialized knowledge. "An intensely annoying ploy [gambit] often used by doctors," writes Potter, "is to treat Patient not only as if he knew nothing about medicine, but as if he were as ignorant of all anatomical knowledge as a child of four. Doctor will start, for instance, speaking very slowly, with 'you see, the heart is a sort of pump,' and will then imitate the action of a pump, unrecognizably, with his hands. Or he will refer to the blood corpuscles as 'the white fellows and the red caps.' Alternatively . . . he will give totally unnecessary technical names and then explain them—e.g., 'That mild rhinitis of yours; smile to you.' Most annoying of all, when examining the lady patient on the regularity of her stools, he will inquire, 'How are the bow-wows this morning?'"

This is "an extremely difficult ploy to counter," but the tables can be turned by a patient who replies with some hauteur, "They appear rather statorrhoeic to me."

Another useful ploy for the patient "consists of playing on Doctor's fear of seeming [to claim] medical qualifications which he does not in fact possess." Suppose, for example, the doctor suggests that some ailment may be psychological in origin. "Oh, Doctor," the patient may reply, "I had no idea that was one of your subjects. I've always wanted a good psychotherapist!" Follow up the advantage promptly, urges Potter: "Refuse to take in the doctor's worried assurance that he is not a trained psychiatrist. Make it appear that you are going to tell your friends to come to him for his 'marvelous cures.'"

In some cases, says Potter, the really adroit patient can put his doctor at a disadvantage right at the start by "throwing doubt on the very term doctor." For example, "I am, I suppose, right in calling you 'Doctor'" works wonders.

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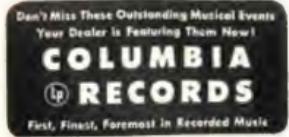
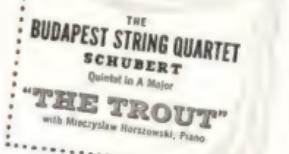
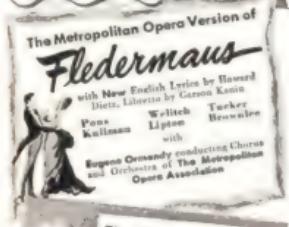
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Up to Congress

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society handed Congress its case for relief from the 20% federal admissions tax. Before a House Ways & Means Committee intent on raising billions of new tax money, Philharmonic President Floyd G. Blair cited the predicament of his own orchestra this year: an estimated deficit of \$149,000 after paying \$100,000 in admission taxes. Twenty-eight other major U.S. symphonies, some 20 minor musical organizations and 600 school orchestras are being hurt by the same tax squeeze, said Blair. So is the Metropolitan Opera, which last year paid \$10,000 in amusement taxes, wound up with a deficit of \$430,000. Handing a sheaf of letters to committeemen, Blair told them: "Here [is] the answer to the question of what music means to the American people. What are you going to do about it?"

In Salem, Ore., the Portland Symphony lobbied with music instead of words. The whole orchestra packed up, drove 52 miles to play in the capitol rotunda. Object: permission to have a symphony subsidy plan on the Portland ballot.

New Idol

Mario Lanza is a curly-haired young (29) movie singer who confesses breezily that he once scraped the label off a Caruso record and substituted one with his own name on it to get a part in an Air Force show. He can afford to be breezy now. After his first two movie roles (in *That Midnight Kiss* and *The Toast of New Orleans*), Hollywood has cast Tenor Lanza as *The Great Caruso*, and Hollywood is inclined to feel that Caruso is doing well to get his name in the title. Meanwhile, so far as the new crop of U.S. bobby-soxers is concerned, Frank Sinatra might as well be a contemporary of Hans Sachs (1494-1576). All in all, Philadelphia-born Mario (real name: Alfred Arnold Cocoza) is just about the hottest singer to hit the sound tracks in a decade.

Last week, on his first major concert tour, Mario reached Pittsburgh for an appearance with the Pittsburgh Symphony. The town rocked with the same kind of adolescent adoration that had just left Richmond and Baltimore reeling.

"Shut Up!" Mario no sooner checked into his hotel than the phone calls from bobby-soxers began. Some of them had come 60 miles just to get his autograph. Syria Mosque, where Mario was to sing, is the biggest hall in Pittsburgh (3,800 seats), but it had been sold out 48 hours after the ticket window opened. Edward Specter, manager of the symphony, threw precedent to the winds and sold ticket to Mario's warmup rehearsal the afternoon before. They went nearly as fast.

At the rehearsal, Conductor Vladimir Bakaleinikoff had a hard time with Mario's squealing admirers. At one point Lanza started a stampede by throwing his

handkerchief into the crowd. Cried Bakaleinikoff, when the uproar subsided for a moment: "This is a symphony orchestra. You must be *very quiet—shut up!*"

Lights Out. Some of Pittsburgh's regular concertgoers were among the 4,100 who jammed into the act on the big night. In arias from *Rigoletto* and *Pagliacci*, Mario proved to the cynics' surprise that he really has a voice. The ring and power of his high notes almost makes up for his lack of real musical taste. Called back by cheer after cheer, Mario gave them as an encore his current best-seller tune, *Be My Love*. That really blew a fuse; at any rate, the lights went out. The police provided an extra squad to get Mario out of the Mosque and back to his hotel. As he was leaving, a young woman bumped him and



CORNEL CAPA—LIFE

TENOR LANZA
Pittsburgh rocked.

promptly fainted. Mario caught her and handed her to a cop.

Ambitious Mario wants to sing in opera at La Scala next October. But before that time, he has more towns awaiting him on his concert swing: Columbus, Philadelphia, Miami Beach and 14 others. And he is due back in Hollywood in May to make another movie.

Hello at the Met

Two weeks before its opener last fall, the Metropolitan Opera found itself in a jam. Boris Christoff, the Bulgarian basso who was scheduled to sing King Philip in the opening-night *Don Carlo*, had been turned down for a visa. Met Manager Rudolf Bing had to gamble, and gamble fast. He staked his show on a 28-year-old singer named Cesare Siepi, who was almost unknown outside Italy. Handsome young Basso Siepi has turned out to be one of the best bets any opera manager ever made.

A golden *basso cantante* (a lyric bass rather than a growler) with a natural authority onstage, Siepi won himself an opening-night ovation as the dignified king in *Don Carlo*. Then, a month later, he shed the dignity like a shirt, became an inspired and pompous fool as Don Basilio in *The Barber of Seville*. He turned next to Mephistopheles in *Faust*, sang and acted with his customary conviction.

Last week Siepi sang his fourth role at the Met: Colline in Puccini's *La Bohème*. Said Bachelor Siepi, with relief: "Finally I have a chance to play a young man. *Mi facio bello!* [I shall make myself beautiful]." He played and sang his small role to the hilt, and when it was over he collected the same stout applause he has been getting all season.

Born in Milan, six-footer Siepi originally aspired to be a boxer. He never fought professionally, finally gave up his amateur



Sedge Leblanc
BASSO SIEPI (AS KING PHILIP)
Milan suffered.

bouts because his mother grieved so much over his cut and bruised features. He had done his first singing in his school chorus, but did not decide to become a singer until he was 18, when his school friend, Giuseppe di Stefano (now a Met tenor), urged him to enter a competition in Florence ("It's free . . . there are girls . . ."). Though he knew only two arias, Siepi won the competition. He made his debut in *Rigoletto* two months later in a provincial opera house. When La Scala reopened in 1946, Siepi sang in the opening performance, soon came to be considered "the pillar" among La Scala's bass singers. A quick study, he now sings 40 roles.

Siepi had to cancel his engagement at La Scala to sing at the Met this season. Last week he was set to disappoint La Scala again; he plans to return to the Met next season. Said La Scala's Franco Capuana sadly: "Here all the theaters want him. We will suffer much by his absence. America has gained."



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Ready and eager, the audience anticipates the thrill of hearing music at its best. The program reads *Baldwin Piano*. Another distinguished artist approaches the Baldwin on the stage. Here, in the Concert Grand, is the supreme test of piano tone, performance and reputation.

In your own home, you can have, in a smaller Baldwin Grand, that same quality. For a lifetime of musical pleasure and satisfaction, there is nothing finer than the Baldwin.

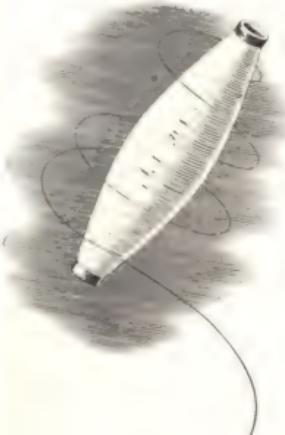


Consult your classified telephone directory for the name and address of your Baldwin sales representative—or write The Baldwin Piano Company, Dept. T-3, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

Baldwin

The Baldwin Piano Company—Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Baldwin also builds the exquisite Acrosonic Spinet, Hamilton Verticals and Grands, and Baldwin Electronic Organs.



NOW'S THE TIME
TO EVALUATE DU PONT

ORLON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

acrylic fiber

With "ORLON" acrylic fiber now in commercial production as a continuous filament yarn, interest in the possibilities of this latest Du Pont textile product has been growing every day . . . in the textile industry, in manufacturing, among consumers. To help you plan products featuring "ORLON" . . . or to encourage your thinking on ways of improving your production process with "ORLON" . . . here are some basic facts about the new man-made fiber that you should know.



FOR PRODUCTS EXPOSED TO WEATHER,

"ORLON" offers outstanding resistance to sunlight, soot and acid fumes . . . plus superb resistance to damage from moisture, mildew, insects, molds. This means that awnings, beach umbrellas, garden furniture, sewing thread, tents, yacht sails can have durability never before possible.



FOR FABRICS SUBJECT TO HEAT AND CHEMICALS,

"ORLON" has high potential . . . is already serving industry in filters, electrical insulation, acid-resistant work clothes. Excellent dimensional stability, high flex life and good abrasion-resistance further contribute to the usefulness of "ORLON" in the industrial field.

In addition to having a unique combination of desirable qualities, "ORLON" can be processed by any standard textile operations . . . including twisting, winding, warping, slashing, quilling, weaving, circular and tricot knitting, and finishing. Satisfactory procedures for sizing "ORLON" yarn have been developed . . . though these techniques are being given further study.

Clearly, the properties and handling characteristics of "ORLON" promise improvements in many existing textile products and new fields of use for man-made fibers. On the other hand, it should be remembered that no one fiber serves every need—and "ORLON" is no exception.

Continuous filament "ORLON" is in commercial production; limited quantities of "ORLON" staple are being used for experimental work. Why not evaluate "ORLON" in terms of your own business? For additional information, write E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Acetate Division, Wilmington 98, Delaware.



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



FOR LIGHT WEIGHT

with no loss of strength, comfort, bulk or covering power, properly made fabrics of "ORLON" are unsurpassed. Just imagine the tremendous advantage of lighter weight apparel fabrics without any sacrifice in comfort . . . lighter weight industrial fabrics without loss of strength or durability. These characteristics, too, promise a bright future for "ORLON".



FOR STRENGTH,

fibers of "ORLON" are in a range with other high-strength fibers. Moreover, "ORLON" combines tenacity with low moisture sensitivity and high stretch resistance—factors which make for ease of processing. These qualities of "ORLON" open up a wide variety of applications where general durability is an important factor.



FOR EASE OF CARE,

correctly engineered fabrics of "ORLON" stand second to none. They are easy to wash . . . need no stretching . . . dry rapidly without losing their shape . . . require little or no pressing. What's more, "ORLON" in almost any use has a most pleasing appearance—and a warm friendly feeling.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

MONEY

Toward a Sounder Currency

A notable battle in the war against cheap money—which is the real and basic war against inflation—has now been won. It was a defeat for Treasury Secretary John W. Snyder and for Harry Truman, who had backed Snyder's cheap-money policy against the advice of the nation's best economic and banking brains.

The key issue at stake was whether the Federal Reserve Board must bow to White House pressure and continue to peg, or support, the price of Government bonds above par, thus continuing to make available billions for credit inflation any time that banks or insurance companies wanted

changing them for marketable five-year notes bearing only 1½% interest. Since these 1½% notes will undoubtedly sell for a discount in the open market, anyone who sells the new bonds will take a loss. The Treasury apparently thinks the penalty will be big enough to keep bondholders from selling, thus freeze the bonds.

When FRB pulled its peg, the long-term 2½% bonds, which had been supported above par, slumped to par. But FRB had picked a shrewd time to drop its support. It was the same day that Snyder announced the details of his new issue. Insurance companies and other big buyers liked the terms so well that they jumped into the market and prices steadied, although down from the pegged level.

With a free market in bonds, chances are that prices will drop, thus interest rates will automatically rise. There is little danger that Government bonds will fall very far. If the market becomes "disorderly," FRB will certainly start supporting the bonds again, since its job is to provide an orderly market.

STATE OF BUSINESS An Outpouring of Goods

The latest gag in retailing circles is: "These shortages are so terrible I'll soon have to rent another warehouse to store my goods."

The quip pointed up the fact that after eight months of war in Korea, the civilian shortages predicted by Washington's hair-shirt cult had not materialized. The booming auto industry, which three months ago dropped thousands of workers because of a materials pinch, had now rehired most of them. Last week the automakers turned out 168,000 units, 40% above the 1950 period when Chrysler was closed by a strike. Building was nearly 25% above the February 1950 figure. And in January business inventories jumped \$2 billion to \$63 billion despite peak retail sales.

The chief reasons for all this were that 1) military production was still at a low level, and 2) what military production there had been was neatly dovetailed with civilian output. Furthermore, with the brighter outlook in Korea, the pressure for armament production this year has dropped. Washington officials last week estimated that spending in the current fiscal year on war goods will be less than previous estimates. But there were other reasons for the outpouring of civilian goods. U.S. industry was expanding so fast—and materials cutbacks had worked so well—that the National Production Authority was changing its mind about the extent of controls needed. NPA once thought that all steel, copper and aluminum would have to come under a controlled materials plan by summer. Now it thinks that a CMP for aluminum and for only certain classes of copper and steel is necessary, thus leaving the bulk of raw materials uncontrolled.

to unload their bonds. Harry Truman had insisted that FRB continue the support policy, but had become alarmed at the uproar this had caused.

Last week, with no peep whatever from the White House, FRB stopped supporting Government bonds. In effect, FRB served notice that from now on it will let the Government bond market fluctuate, and will support it at no predetermined level.

The unpegging was apparently part of the agreement between FRB Chairman Thomas B. McCabe and Snyder on the terms of the Treasury's new \$10.6 billion refunding bond issue (*TIME*, March 12), which is intended partly to freeze bank reserves—another point FRB wanted. The new bonds will bear 2½% interest, an increase of 1% over present long-term bonds.

The new bonds issued by the Treasury, which mature in 1980, can be acquired by turning in present long-term bonds paying only 2½%. But they can be converted or transferred before maturity only by ex-

TAXATION Federal Sales Tax?

Should the U.S. have a federal sales tax? Last week a committee of businessmen told the House Ways & Means Committee, which is trying to draft a tax bill, that it should.

Their proposal was important. It represented a growing body of U.S. opinion, which feels that only with the help of a national sales tax can the U.S. finance its rearmament program and remain economically sound. There is nothing new in the sales tax idea. National sales and purchase taxes date back to ancient Rome and Athens, are used in some form today by nearly 20 nations as an important source



LEON HENDERSON
An attack launched.

of revenue. Examples: in France 36% of the government's revenues come from such taxes; in Italy, 18%; in the U.S.S.R., an estimated 90%. More than half of the states now have sales taxes; last month Georgia became the 29th to enact one. But Congress has repeatedly shied away from such a tax. What are the arguments for & against it?

What's Good About It? One of the best arguments for the tax was presented last week by the National Committee for Fair Emergency Excise Taxation, a group of 50 leading businessmen who have long been asking for repeal of the wartime excise taxes on the products they make. Last week they launched an attack on all excise taxes except those on liquor, gasoline and tobacco, and substitution of a flat sales tax on everything except food, rent and medicines. Spokesman for the committee was old New Dealer Leon Henderson, onetime head of OPA. A sales tax, he argued, would produce revenue quickly,

Associated Press
THOMAS McCABE
A battle won.

TIME, MARCH 19, 1951

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these Debentures. The offer is made only by the Prospectus.

\$60,000,000

The Borden Company

Thirty Year 2½% Debentures Due 1981

Dated March 1, 1951

Due March 1, 1981

Interest payable March 1 and September 1 in New York City.

Price 100% and Accrued Interest

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from only such of the undersigned as may lawfully offer these Debentures in compliance with the securities laws of the respective States.

MORGAN STANLEY & CO.

KUHN, LOEB & CO. THE FIRST BOSTON CORPORATION

WOOD, STRUTHERS & CO. BLYTH & CO., INC.

GOLDMAN, SACHS & CO. SMITH, BARNEY & CO.

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Incorporated

March 7, 1951.

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150,000 Shares

Rhinelander Paper Company

Common Stock

(\$5 Par Value)

Price \$29.50 per Share

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any state from such of the several Underwriters, including the undersigned, as may lawfully offer the securities in such state.

A. G. Becker & Co.
Incorporated

March 6, 1951

discourage spending, spread the increased tax load to all income brackets, and be easier to collect than income tax.

In 1949, under the excise tax system, said Henderson, only \$40 billion, or 22.7% of a total \$179 billion in consumer spending, was taxed. His contention: some things were being taxed too heavily, others that should have been sharing the load were not being taxed at all. Henderson figured that at least \$89 billion of untaxed expenditures (excluding such essentials as food and rent) should be taxed. Including the goods that are already subject to excise taxes—and projecting the figures to 1952 levels—that would broaden the tax base from \$40 billion to \$130 billion. A 5% tax on this broad base would yield \$6.5 billion a year.

The Administration has asked for stiff (20%-25%) excise taxes on such things as autos, refrigerators and television sets (TIME, Feb. 12). But those sources, said Henderson, just won't produce the revenue needed, since sales of such durable goods are bound to drop as the defense program nips off their production. Buying will shift to such "soft" goods as clothing, and unless there is a sales tax on such items the Government will not get the revenue it expects.

What's Bad? To the anti-sales taxers, some of the arguments that Henderson advanced are just the reasons why the U.S. should have no national sales tax. The fact that it spreads the tax load is one of its weaknesses. Instead of taxing on the basis of ability to pay—the traditional test of a good tax—a sales tax hits those hardest who can least afford to pay. Example: a \$3,000-a-year family spends the major part of its income (mostly on necessities), thus the tax hits most of its income. A high-income family, on the other hand, spends a much smaller proportion of its income on living expenses, thus would pay a sales tax on a far smaller proportion of its income.

In one sense, anti-sales taxers argue, a sales tax would be inflationary, not deflationary. Since it would raise prices all along the line, the wages of millions of workers whose pay is tied to the cost of living must rise also.

What About the Little Man? There is no doubt that the sales tax is "regressive," i.e., hits harder at the lower incomes. But as Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder has emphasized, the bulk of the new taxes must come from the lower incomes. Not enough additional taxes can be squeezed from corporations and higher income brackets. Said the National City Bank of New York last week: "Even if the Government took the drastic and destructive course of taxing away all income over \$25,000 a year the yield would be less than \$1 billion a year above present taxes."

As for the inflationary effect of a sales tax, that would be negligible if food and rent, which make up almost half of the cost of living index, were exempted. A retail sales tax would do less to force prices up than heavy deficit financing or the manufacturers' excise taxes which the Administration has proposed. A manufactur-

er's tax snowballs, i.e., as each middleman between the manufacturer and consumer computes his profit, percentagewise, with the tax added in, the consumer is forced to pay far more than the Government actually collects.

What Are the Chances? Even its most ardent advocates do not contend that a sales tax could ever be a substitute for income or other taxes. But as a relatively painless revenue producer in inflationary times, it cannot be beaten.

Has it any chance of passage? Said Ways & Means Chairman Robert L. ("Muley") Doughton last week: "Sentiment is . . . overwhelmingly against it." In 1932, recalled ancient (87) Representative Doughton, Ways & Means had re-



Peggy Flammer—Black Star
CONGRESSMAN DOUGHTON
"Sentiment is against it."

ported out a sales tax bill which was defeated.* In depression 1932, it should have been; then all efforts were to stimulate spending, not to cut it. But now times are different. Some Congressmen who now oppose a sales tax may quickly change their position if the budget hits \$80 billion. Then, a sales tax will probably be the only way to balance the budget.

GOVERNMENT

How to Bring Prices Down

"The American taxpayer is weary of being gouged," said Senator Lyndon B. Johnson last week. Texas' Johnson was talking about the price of tin. Since Korea, tin had jumped 140% on New York's commodity markets, from 76¢ to \$1.84 a lb., highest in history. Even in World War II, the U.S. kept a 52¢ ceiling on tin. This time, with much of the U.S. imports of 108,000 tons last year going into the stockpile or armaments production, the

* Largely at the hands of fiery Fiorello La Guardia, who later put through a city sales tax when he became mayor of New York. Said he: "It's all wrong in theory, but it does raise money."

Like a Shire draft horse, Cast Iron Pipe is known for **STRENGTH**



The strengths demanded of pipe to be laid under expensive modern pavements, if costly repairs and replacements are to be avoided, are known strengths—proved by experience and determinable by tests. The four strength factors that pipe must have to withstand beam stresses, external loads, traffic shocks and abnormal working pressures are shock strength, crushing strength, beam strength and bursting strength. *No pipe, deficient in any of these strength factors, should ever be laid in paved streets of cities, towns or villages!* Cast iron water and gas mains, laid over a century ago, are serving today in the streets of 30 or more cities. These service records prove that cast iron pipe not only resists corrosion but has all the vital strength factors of long life and economy. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 3.

CAST IRON PIPE

SERVES



FOR CENTURIES

LOOK FOR THIS MARK

IT IDENTIFIES CAST IRON PIPE

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NEW ISSUE

March 8, 1951

\$50,000,000

Province of Quebec (CANADA)

2 1/8% Debentures

Dated April 1, 1951

Due April 1, 1971

Price 97.75% and accrued interest

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from any of the several underwriters only in States in which such underwriters are qualified to act as dealers in securities and in which the Prospectus may legally be distributed.

The First Boston Corporation

A. E. Ames & Co.
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Incorporated

Wood, Gundy & Co., Inc. The Dominion Securities Corporation

McLeod, Young, Weir,
Incorporated

taxpayer has been footing the bill for the difference.

In an angry 56-page report, Senator Johnson pinpointed the main reason for the gouge: tin has been kept off the world market by an international cartel composed of Great Britain, Belgium, The Netherlands and Bolivia. Fearing over-production (and low prices), the cartel held tin output to 165,000 tons last year, 40% less than in 1941. Inept buying by the Munitions Board, which tried to fill up the U.S. stockpile all at once, gave speculators their big chance. Stunned Johnson: "The tin price gouging by some of our oldest international friends is entirely devoid of morality." He urged the Government to get out of the market, especially since it has more tin on hand than before Pearl Harbor (151,941 tons).

Last week the Government got out of the market, stopped buying for the stockpile. Prices settled back to \$1.34 a lb. To keep U.S. industry from bidding the price up again, the National Production Authority this week took control of all tin imports, announced it will allocate tin to industrial users. There seemed no reason why the same tactic could not be employed to bring down the price of other commodities, such as lead, wool, zinc and tungsten.

Necessities: New Definition

The Bureau of Labor Statistics last week completely revised its cost-of-living index to bring it up to date and include what Americans now consider "necessities." New BLS additions to the index: television sets, frozen foods, canned baby food, cold drinks, men's rayon tropical suits, home permanents, velocipedes, electric toasters.

Despite all these bountiful additions, the index was little changed; the importance of some items already in the index was lessened to allow for the new things. On the old basis, the index stood at 181.6 in January, up 3.2 points from December; on the new basis, it stood at 181.5, up 2.7 points. Reason for the slower rise: the new index gives less weight to food and rent. While the cost of food and rent has been going up, so have incomes. Since 1941, when the index was last overhauled, consumers have been spending a smaller proportion of their incomes on food and rent, a larger proportion on such things as autos and television. Thus in the new index food accounts for only 33.3% of the total v. 41.6% before, rent accounts for 11.6% v. 13.8%, and miscellaneous (including autos and TV) has been boosted from 22.1% to 32.9%.

AUTOS

Road Test

At 3 a.m. one morning last week, 32 new cars began to roll out of Los Angeles on the first leg of a trip which twisted up the slopes of snow-capped mountains and along parched desert highways to the rim of the Grand Canyon. Purpose of the trip: to find out which U.S. cars get the most mileage and efficiency from their fuel. Every major U.S. make, except Buick,

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NEW ISSUE

550,000 Shares

Transcontinental Gas Pipe Line Corporation

Cumulative Preferred Stock, \$2.55 Series
(Without Par Value—Stated Value \$50 per Share)

Price \$52 per Share

Plus accrued dividends from March 12, 1951

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State in which this announcement is circulated from only such of the Underwriters, including the undersigned, as may legally offer these securities in compliance with the securities laws of such States.

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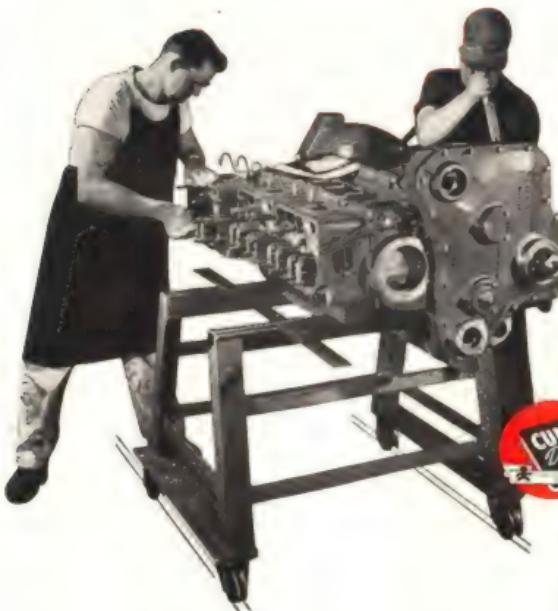
March 6, 1951.

Cummins® Custom-built Diesels

*Built
not once
but
Twice*



**Extra care in building means
extra profits for power users**



Typical of the extra care that goes into the building of every rugged, dependable Diesel is the tear-down of the engine after assembly. First the engine is run in on the test block. Then it is completely torn down and carefully re-inspected. After that it is re-assembled and tested again.

Such extra care in precision craftsmanship is one of the reasons why Cummins engines have such an outstanding record in a wide range of applications. Cummins exclusive fuel system . . . world-wide service and parts supply organization . . . are other features that enable power users to make more profit with Cummins Diesels.

There's a model engineered to fit your power needs. Contact your Cummins dealer. He has more facts to show you.



**Diesel power by
CUMMINS**

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CUMMINS ENGINE COMPANY, INC. - COLUMBUS, IND.

EXPORT: CUMMINS DIESEL EXPORT CORPORATION

Columbus, Indiana, U. S. A. • Cable: Cundies

Liquid-cooled High-speed Diesel Engines (50-550 hp);
On-highway trucks • off-highway trucks • buses • tractors • earth-
movers • shovels • cranes • industrial locomotives • air compressors
logging yards and loaders • drilling rigs • centrifugal pumps
generator sets and power units • work boats and pleasure craft.

HERE'S HOW TO AVOID FAILING-LAMP FLICKER

Look for the
RED BUTTON
on the starter



When you invest in fluorescent lighting, it pays to look for fixtures equipped with the famous G-E Watch Dog starters for steady, efficient lighting.

Watch Dogs are the starters that turn off aging fluorescent lamps as soon as they begin to flicker. They do away with an annoying blink by actually cutting worn-out lamps out of the circuit. When blink begins, out pops the Watch Dog's red button, and the lamp is turned off. When the lamp is replaced, the maintenance man simply pushes the button, and the Watch Dog is ready to go again. Because of their cut-out feature, Watch Dogs outlast ordinary starters as much as five to one—save lamps—save tempos. Look for them on the fixtures you buy.

Section D59-380, Construction Materials Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Look for THIS TAG
or the Sticker
ON THE FIXTURES
YOU BUY

EQUIPPED WITH
GENERAL ELECTRIC
Watch Dog

*Registered Trade Mark of
General Electric Company

EASY TO USE

- Remove dead lamp.
- Push red starter button
- Insert new lamp

29 Million now in use

You can put your confidence in —
GENERAL ELECTRIC

100



MURRAY GARRETT—GRAPHIC HOUSE

WILLIAM RAY (CENTER) & SONS WILLIAM, RICHARD, JOHN & ALVIN
No clock-watching or going out for coffee.

CORPORATIONS

Incentive

Oldsmobile and Pontiac, was represented.

At journey's end, about 21 driving hours later, the cars had traveled from 280 feet below sea level to 7,005 feet above, had covered 840 miles. The winner: a Lincoln sedan, with 66.484 ton-miles per gallon (weight of car and passengers in tons, multiplied by miles, divided by gallons of gasoline consumed). Top places in actual miles per gallon: the six-cylinder Nash Rambler (31.053); the four-cylinder Henry J (30.109); the six-cylinder Henry J (28.860); the six-cylinder Studebaker Champion (28.621).*

COTTON

Bumping the Ceiling

With a ringing of gongs, the cotton exchanges of the U.S. opened last week, after having been closed down for almost six weeks. They decided they could trade in futures and spot cotton under the Office of Price Stabilization order that set a basic ceiling on raw cotton at 45.76¢ a lb., and futures at 45.39¢. In near futures, prices went to the ceiling and stayed there. Spot cotton prices edged up but were still under the ceiling. With cotton farmers expected to turn out a bumper crop this year, distant cotton future prices were well below ceiling.

* The rest of the field, with actual mileage per gallon: Studebaker Commander, 28.001; Studebaker Land Cruiser, 27.644; Willys Jeepster Four, 26.769; Nash Statesman, 26.322; Ford Eight, 25.994; Mercury, 25.045; Ford Six, 25.915; Lincoln, 25.448; Willys Jeepster Six, 24.073; Nash Ambassador, 24.926; Kaiser Deluxe, 24.713; Plymouth Concord, 24.145; Plymouth Cranbrook, 22.990; Hudson Hornet Six, 22.623; Chevrolet Styline, 22.042; Packard 200, 22.073; Cadillac No. 6 Special, 21.970; Cadillac 61, 21.719; De Soto Deluxe, 21.625; Cadillac 67, 21.511; Chrysler Imperial, 21.175; Packard 300, 20.945; Chrysler Windsor, 20.886; De Soto Custom, 19.921; Cadillac 75, 19.866; Hudson Commodore Custom Six, 19.050; Chrysler Crown Imperial, 19.208; Lincoln Cosmopolitan, 17.123.

In General Controls Co.'s plant at Glendale, Calif., nobody wastes time going out for coffee, hanging around the water stand, or watching the clock. This week General Controls, manufacturer of more than 400 products ranging from home thermostats to jet engine controls, showed why. In 1950, said the company, its 1,050 employees were paid bonuses of \$2,050,000, an average of about \$2,000 apiece above their salaries. Reason: a liberal incentive plan, which makes it pay to work harder. The plan paid off in another way. In 1950 General Controls' sales nearly doubled (to \$13.4 million), and its net jumped from \$579,186 to \$1,152,366, a new record.

The incentive plan was started in 1943 to lure labor to General Controls and step up war production. Before then, General Controls had "a sort of incentive plan," says General Manager Alvin Ray. "But it was lousy. Frequently we cut bonuses after production increased. We have since learned that when you once tell a man what the rate is, you don't lower that rate."

Under the present plan, production standards are set according to the time an average worker needs to do a given job; employees get bonuses for all work in excess of the standards, also share in a profit-sharing plan. At first the union (the A.F.L.'s International Association of Machinists) balked at the incentive scheme. But now almost everyone is happy, since employees get 50% more pay than others doing similar work in the area.

All in the Family. General Controls was founded in an Oakland, Calif., loft in 1931 by William A. Ray, then 26, and his brother Charles. Fresh out of Stanford University's engineering school, and with \$10,000 in capital borrowed from their father, the brothers designed an industrial



The All-New "Luxury Typing" Smith-Corona

FEATURING PAGE GAGE!

YOU won't see a typewriter so completely new and radically advanced for years to come!

New Page Gage saves time, stationery and retyping. New Super-Support Segment permits an all-new luxury "write" no other typewriter can match. Has new 10-Inch Writing Line and widest paper capacity of any standard carriage model. Plus new 4-Way Ribbon Control, new Scale-Scope, Error Control and world's fastest Automatic Margin.

Ask for the complete story on the All-New Smith-Corona now. It's one you should hear!



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L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE 1 N Y Canadian factory & offices, Toronto, Ontario.
Makers also of famous Smith-Corona Portable Typewriters, Adding Machines, Vivid Duplicators, Ribbons & Carbons.

"Sure, I'll meet
Uncle Sam's Quota"



"Defense orders have put an extra load on our shop. With longer hours, we need lots of cool drinking water. That makes Westinghouse Coolers a good investment because they're most efficient . . . most economical."

NEW Westinghouse WATER COOLERS

in capacities for every need

Throughout industry, Westinghouse Water Coolers are conceded the "blue chip" line. They're tops in exclusive features. For instance:

STAINLESS STEEL TOPS . . . non-breakable and easy to clean.

AUTOMATIC STREAM-HEIGHT REGULATOR assures a cool drink . . . never a dribble.

5-YEAR GUARANTEE on the Hermetically Sealed System.

SPACE-SAVING . . . no model takes over 14" x 14" floor space.

ANTI-SQUIRT BUBBLER prevents malicious water damage.

BUILT RIGHT . . . PRICED RIGHT . . . AMAZINGLY FREE FROM SERVICE.

Only Westinghouse has them all. See all ten models at your Westinghouse supplier's now.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Electric Appliance Div., Springfield 2, Mass.

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S

Westinghouse



fuel control unit, did badly. They did better with a thermostat control for home furnaces, but not till they invented a simplified home-heater control did sales start soaring. By 1940, sales were up to \$612,848. Since then more than \$2,000,000 in stock has been issued, to finance expansion of their plant in Glendale, and three younger brothers (General Manager Al Sales Boss Jack, Plant Superintendent Richard) have come to help President William A. After Charlie dropped out in 1935, father William R. Ray joined the boys, and now, at 73, is chairman.

In All Planes. General Controls, which ranks close to Minneapolis-Honeywell Co. in volume of heating and refrigeration controls, has expanded into the manufacture of units for rockets and guided missiles. During World War II nearly every U.S. plane carried at least one General Controls product.

As defense production steps up and the labor market tightens, the Rays are not worried about losing workers to other industries. Thanks to the incentive system, General Controls' labor turnover is only about $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% per month (i.e. an average 4% for the Los Angeles area). Says 40-year-old General Manager Al Ray: "This is the sort of incentive system we need throughout the land, if we are to get polluting on a maximum production effort."

MONOPOLY

Lock & Key

After poking its head into the board rooms of thousands of corporations in the U.S., the Federal Trade Commission last week reported that it didn't like what it had seen. Said FTC: "Interlocking relationships among the directors of the 1,000 largest U.S. manufacturing corporations constitute a threat to competition." What was even more alarming, FTC Chairman James M. Mead told a House Judiciary subcommittee, was that there were ways to interlock that Congress had not covered when it passed the Clayton Anti-Trust Act. The law, he said, "can be so easily evaded as to be scarcely worth enforcing."

FTC found that companies could get around the law by having officers or stockholders who were not directors in their own company act as directors or officers of other companies. In the Big Four electrical machinery companies (R.C.A., G.E., Westinghouse and Western Electric), FTC found almost every brand of interlocking directorates.

At first glance at the oil industry, FTC found no links between Standard Oil (N.J.) and Socony-Vacuum, two of the biggest U.S. companies, or between them and other big oil companies. But on closer inspection FTC said it found that Standard and Socony were linked, through common affiliates, to each other and to almost every other major oil company.

To break up interlocking directorates, Chairman Mead wants Congress to amend the Clayton Act, giving the FTC power to act in cases and situations not now covered by the law.

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TIME, MARCH 19, 1951

MILESTONES

Born. To Gary Davis, 20, stage & TV actor, who last year gave up being No. 1 World Citizen to apply for the U.S. citizenship he renounced in 1948, and Audrey Peters Davis, 22, former Hollywood dancer; their first child, a daughter. Name: Kristina Star. Weight: 7 lbs. 4 oz.

Divorced. Ian Douglas Campbell, 11th Duke of Argyll, 47, chief of Scotland's Clan Campbell, who is currently engaged in the resurrection of a sunken 16th-Century treasure ship ("I think the world is too drab; we could do with little romance"—TIME May 15); by his second wife, Louise Clews Varreck Campbell, 45, who charged adultery; after 15 years of marriage, two sons; in Edinburgh.

Died. Virgil Munday Chapman, 55, Democratic Senator from Kentucky since 1949, for 22 years before that a Representative from Kentucky's Bourbon County, who generally voted with the Administration on foreign issues, against it on domestic ones; after a motor collision with a truck; in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Ivor Novello (Davies), 58. Welsh-born British matinée idol, tunesmith and playwright (*Careless Rapture*, *Perchance to Dream*), best known in the U.S. to *Keep the Home Fires Burning*; of a coronary thrombosis; in London.

Died. Marquis Gonzalo Queipo de Llano y Sierra, 76, a general under Franco in Spain's 1936-39 civil war; after long illness; near Seville. The marquis was famed for only one military feat: outfoxing superior Loyalist forces in Seville, and easily taking the city. Mostly, he fought the war—and won his reputation—with nightly propaganda broadcasts ("The common people are swine . . . Spain must again be made a country fit for caballeros to live in").

Died. Harold Bauer, 77, British-born concert pianist, who made his debut at nine as a violinist, switched to the piano at 20, became a U.S. citizen in 1921, made world concert tours for half a century, then retired and wrote about them in *Harold Bauer: His Book* (1948); of a heart ailment; in Miami.

Died. Kijuro Shidehara, 78, Japanese statesman; of a heart attack; in Tokyo. Shidehara, one-time Ambassador to Washington, was an advocate of peaceful expansion in a country overrun by military fanatics. Because he opposed Japan's 1931 march on Manchuria, the warlords unseated him from the Foreign Ministry. After 14 years in retirement, he became Prime Minister for six months following World War II.

Died. Olga Evgenyevna Alliluyeva, mother-in-law of Joseph Stalin (her daughter, Nadezhda, his second wife, died in 1932); in Moscow.

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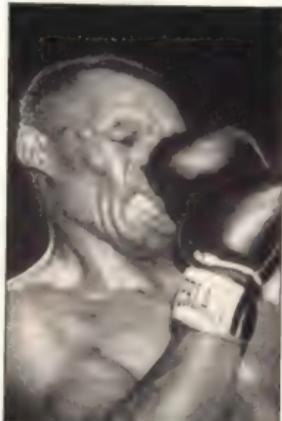
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SPORT

Thumbs Down

Happy Chandler just couldn't muster the votes. He needed twelve to re-elect him to his \$65,000 job as baseball commissioner; the best he could get from the club owners in Miami Beach this week was nine—the same as last time around (TIME, Dec. 25). The other seven major-league clubs, led by the Cardinals' Fred Saigh, seemed to have won the fight for a new commissioner. The poser was: Who? The owners have until 1952 to settle the problem. They handed the screening job to a committee, told the committee to "take all the time necessary."



Associated Press

WALCOTT ABSORBS A RIGHT
No cakewalker, he.

Missing: a Cruncher

Jersey Joe Walcott, a famously shifty old party, did everything but cakewalk. He jiggled and jogged, ducked and bobbed, occasionally threw a solid punch. It was a typical Walcott performance, one that the aging Joe® has down pat. It was also precisely the kind of performance expected by Heavyweight Champion Ezzard Charles, 29, and from the opening bell, Charles set about the task of wearing old Joe down. It was more than he was up to.

Fortunately for Ezzard, his plodding competence did pile up points for eight rounds. In the ninth, one of his left hooks sent Walcott tumbling to the canvas. An old-fashioned Joe Louis one-two would have finished the fight; the crowd at Detroit's Olympia last week waited expectantly for Ezzard to deliver it. But the cruncher never came. Walcott took a count of nine, then bobbed up to take the offensive away from Charles. By the 15th,

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‡ Thought to be 27, Walcott told the Chicago Tribune after the fight that he is really 41.

still full of fight. Walcott was belting the glaze-eyed champion around the ring.

Ezard Charles came out of the fight with the decision (on accumulated points) and a cauliflowered left ear that will keep him out of action for two months. Left in the ring: some of the modest stock of prestige he had built up in two years as the lackluster successor to Joe Louis.

Chaos in New York

Since the 1800s, the 100 gentlemen members of the Jockey Club have been the most influential force in the U.S. for reputable horse racing. In New York, 17 years ago, the state legislature gave the Jockey Club an iron hand: legal authority to license owners, trainers and jockeys. Last week the iron hand was taken off at the wrist. New York's highest court ruled that the legislature had exceeded itself in turning over to private citizens (*i.e.*, the Jockey Club) any such legislative powers over other citizens (*i.e.*, the owners, trainers and jockeys).

The decision will not eliminate racing in New York, but for the moment it leaves the state without any licensing system whatever. Ashley T. Cole, chairman of the State Racing Commission, called such a situation "chaos." He was afraid of a rush by enterprising rascals with lower standards than New York is accustomed to.

Legislators were alarmed too. At week's end, they were rushing a new bill to lodge licensing powers in the State Racing Commission.

Who Won

¶ In Buenos Aires, the 500-man Argentine squad, the first Pan-American games (on an unofficial point-allotment basis), with 1,071½ points to 734½ for the runner-up U.S. squad. The Argentines dominated the field in polo, boxing, tennis and shooting; the U.S. settled for most of the track & field titles.

¶ In New Delhi, Japan over runner-up India, 130-95, for the team title in the first Asian games (see FOREIGN NEWS).

¶ In final polls of the Associated Press and United Press, the Kentucky basketball team, the title of No. 1 team of the year. Runner-up: Oklahoma A. & M.

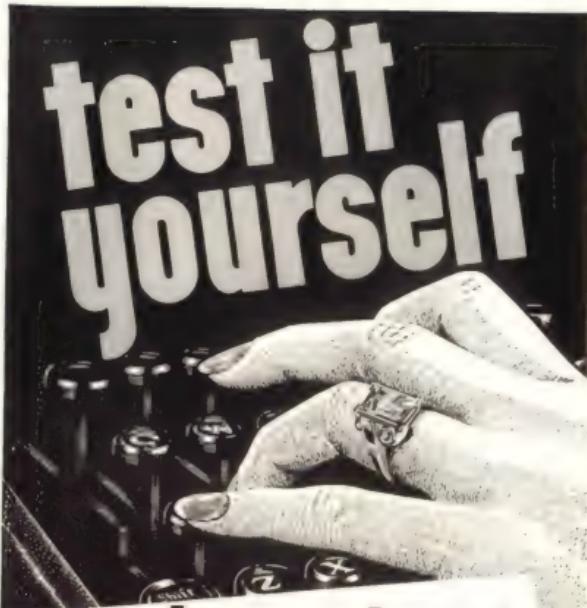
¶ In Princeton, N.J., the Columbia basketball team over Princeton, 73-66, for Columbia's first undefeated season (and 31 straight) in 51 years of basketball.

¶ In Cleveland, Pole Vaulters Bob Richards and Don Laz, a tie at 15 ft. 1 in., the first time in track history that two men had cleared 15 ft. in the same meet. It was the first time for Laz, the fourth for Richards.

¶ In Manhattan, Heavyweight Rex Layne, 20, over Bob Satterfield, by an eight-round knockout, to make clumsy, hard-punching Layne the newest member of the 1-want-a-shot-at-Ezard-Charles club.

¶ In Philadelphia, Alastair Martin over William Linglebach, 6-0, 6-3, 6-2, for Martin's third national amateur court tennis title.

¶ In Cambridge, Mass., Yale over Harvard, 51-24, for Yale's 71st consecutive dual-meet swimming victory.



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CINEMA

Marquee Appeal

Last year, exhibitors cured the box-office anemia of 20th Century-Fox's *A Ticket to Tomahawk* by changing the title to *The Sheriff's Daughter*. Last week, despite good reviews, the same studio's *U.S.S. Teakettle* proved surprisingly anemic in its first bookings. The company decided to yank the movie out of release, give it the same kind of tonic. New title: *You're In the Navy Now*.

The New Pictures

Rawhide (20th Century-Fox). Four badmen, escaped from jail, seize an isolated stagecoach station and wait for the big gold shipment to come through. They kill the stationmaster, grab his assistant (Tyrone Power) as a foil, and hold a stranded traveler (Susan Hayward) and a toddler as hostages in the belief that they are Power's wife & child.

Will Power be able to get to the pistol that he knows is lying behind the horse trough? Can he smuggle a note to the unsuspecting drivers of a stagecoach that stops briefly for a meal and a change of horses? Will Hostage Hayward lose her virtue to the leering villain (Jack Elam) who keeps a lecher's eye on her?

These cliffhanging questions, and many more like them, are designed to stretch the situation's rudimentary suspense to the limit. Scripter Dudley Nichols and Director Henry Hathaway misjudge the breaking point. Their intentions quickly grow too transparent, their maneuverings too forced and artificial. In spite of good, sun-baked photography and effective performances by Actress Hayward and Dean Jagger, as a muttering horse thief, *Rawhide* also suffers because the ringleader of its heavies is played by Hugh Marlowe in the correct, mellifluous accents of a good radio announcer.

Bird of Paradise (20th Century-Fox) splurges Technicolor, lush Hawaiian scenery and anthropological detail on the job of salvaging a 1912 play (and 1932 movie) about ill-starred love in Polynesia. The result is eye-filling and sometimes interesting. But quaint Hollywood customs get in the way of the South Seas folklore.

A rich young Frenchman (Louis Jourdan), fed up with Western civilization, accompanies a college friend, Polynesian Jeff Chandler, to his exotic island home. The *kahuna* (medicine man) puts a curse on him. A white derelict (Everett Sloane), banished to an outlying island for committing aboriginal sin, warns him that the native paradise can be hell. But Jourdan goes native, wins the friendship of the chief, Chandler's father, and the hand of the chief's daughter (Debra Paget).

Then, as it must in all sartor epic, catastrophe intrudes on the idyl. The island volcano (realistically played by Hawaii's erupting Mauna Loa) sends fiery lava streaming into the valley, and Jourdan's bride gets her orders from the



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kahuna to appease the gods by leaping into the angry crater.

Writer-Director Delmer Daves, who pleaded the cause of the American Apache in *Broken Arrow*, treats the Polynesians with the same respect. He rigs the story with their courtship and marriage customs, their rituals, superstitions, taboos. A preface labels these details as authentic, and most of them look it. The picture's anthropological approach is thus novel and sophisticated. Unfortunately, the dramatic uses to which this research has been



DEBRA PAGET & LOUIS JOURDAN
Quaint customs get in the way.

put frequently seem as conventional and naive as the old Dorothy Lamour adventures on enchanted Pacific isles. What saps the movie's authenticity even more, and drains its big scenes of any emotional force, is Debra Paget. Her playing of the native girl never resembles anything but a cutesy trick in a bathing beauty contest at Hollywood High.

Three Guys Named Mike [M-G-M] all want to marry Airline Stewardess Jane Wyman. Considering how her unflagging winsomeness helps keep this lightweight comedy aloft, no one can blame them. Will she accept the adventurous pilot (Howard Keel), the quiet research chemist (Van Johnson) or the dynamic advertising executive (Barry Sullivan)?

Jane plays a small-town girl, brimming with ideas, who has a charming knack for getting into and out of trouble. Before she answers the crucial question, the picture takes a long ride and not an altogether smooth one. It enrolls her in an airline's training course, carries her through stewardess instruction into her trials & errors as a tyro on the job. As the Mikes

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In her life turn up, the script offers three versions of boy-meets-girl, gives each suitor a chance to show his wares and make his pitch.

The thin idea is spread pretty thin. But Actress Wyman, well-supported by her leading men and occasionally sprightly dialogue, buoys *Three Guys* into good-humored entertainment.

Under the Gun (Universal). Buried in this routine thriller is a good documentary sequence. Big-shot Gangster Richard Conte, vacationing in Miami, picks up eye-filling Audrey Totter to amuse him on his way north. During an overnight stop in Georgia he gets into a shooting scrape, is sentenced to 20 years for murder on Audrey's testimony. In the prison camp, Conte soon discovers that the way to get out is to become a gun-toeing trusty, shoot down an escaping prisoner, thus win a pardon.

With this scheme in mind, he offers Convict Sam Jaffe \$25,000 to make a break; if Conte kills him, the money will go to Jaffe's family; if Conte misses, Jaffe gets both the money and freedom. Director Ted Tetzlaff keeps the duel poised tensely against an authentic-looking background. But in the end, *Under the Gun* reverts to type with a foolish chase through a cypress swamp.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Fourteen Hours. Manhattan stands a tense, day-long watch while a would-be suicide perches on a hotel window ledge; with Richard Basehart, Paul Douglas (TIME, March 12).

U.S.S. Teakettle. Gary Cooper and a group of go-day wonders in the wartime Navy run into hilarious difficulties trying to test an experimental sub-chaser (TIME, March 12).

Storm Warning. An exciting melodrama that tamps heavily on the Ku Klux Klan without treading on sensitive Southern toes; with Ginger Rogers, Steve Cochran (TIME, March 5).

Cause for Alarm! Loretta Young as a frantic housewife whose life suddenly depends on getting a letter out of the mails (TIME, Feb. 26).

The Mudlark. Hollywood's tribute to a mourning Queen Victoria (Irene Dunne) is brightened by the cockney ragamuffin (Andrew Ray) who coaxes her back to her public duties (TIME, Jan. 1).

Seven Days to Noon. London, playing itself, gives an exciting performance as a city threatened by a man on the loose with an atomic bomb (TIME, Dec. 25).

Born Yesterday. As the dumb blonde who wakes up, Judy Holliday steals the movie version of Garson Kanin's Broadway hit comedy (TIME, Dec. 25).

Trio. Another trim package of Somerset Maugham short stories, fragile but handled with care by the British producers of *Quartet* (TIME, Oct. 30).

All About Eva. Scripter-Director Joseph L. Mankiewicz's tart treatise on how to win fame and lose friends on Broadway; with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, George Sanders (TIME, Oct. 16).

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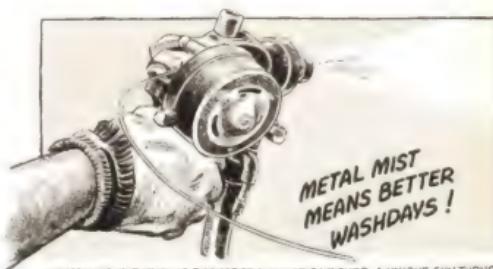
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BOOKS

The Great Standpatter

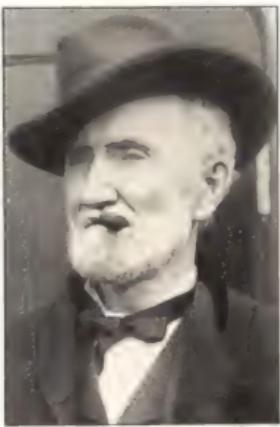
TYRANT FROM ILLINOIS (248 pp.)—Blair Bolles—Norton (\$4.50).

There was always a cuspidor planted on his library rug, and he could make it chime like a bell. Ladies covered their ears at his "hells" and "dams," but everybody agreed he was a stout old character. He was Speaker of the House of Representatives and his full name was John Joseph Gurney Cannon, but Americans called him "Uncle Joe."

Uncle Joe came up the hard way, and the country respected him for it. As a boy he sold calico and plowshares to support his widowed mother. Later he read law in a Terre Haute law office, slept on a wooden bench in the office. When he started practice, in Shelbyville, Ill., he was glad to trudge 20 miles to earn a \$5 fee. He did not have to trudge long. A Congressman at 36, Uncle Joe spent 23 terms in the House, four of them as Speaker. But somewhere along the line, Uncle Joe got out of step.

Rather, as Uncle Joe saw it, the U.S. got out of step. McKinley suited him fine, but Teddy Roosevelt's "Square Deal" was a devil's brew. Beginning in 1906, when he was already a man of 50, Joe Cannon set himself to use every power of the Speaker's office to stifle the reforms demanded by younger men. From liberals of that time he earned a new and bitter nickname: "Cannon the Strangler." The debatable thesis of Blair Bolles's *Tyrant from Illinois* is that Cannon was the conservative grit that irritated a goodly part of the next generation into "progressive" politics and produced the first pearly concepts of the welfare state.

Why Tamper? Uncle Joe did not see himself as grit. He thought others, e.g., fellow Republicans T.R., "Old Bob" La Follette and George Norris, were deadly



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UNCLE JOE CANNON
He ruled by bottleneck.

wrong when they roared against the trusts and the tariffs. America is a hell of a success, Uncle Joe insisted, and why tamper with it? With the single-minded devotion of the pure in heart, he stacked the membership of the House's 60-odd committees, awarded key chairmanships to his cohorts to make sure that nobody did tamper.

For the rest, he ruled by bottleneck. Reform bills were killed or emasculated in committee. So many died in the Judiciary Committee that it came to be known as "the Morgue." Immigration control, income tax, tariff revision and currency reform were strangled or mangled beyond recognition. "Not one cent for scenery," snorted Cannon when his own party proposed forest conservation.

The Speaker Yields. "You must lay down on Uncle Joe," Teddy Roosevelt was advised. "It will be a good deal like laying down on a hedgehog," grinned T.R. One day in 1910, nonetheless, the opposition did lay down on Uncle Joe for keeps. With some of Cannon's standpatters absent on a long weekend, Republican George Norris introduced a resolution shearing the Speaker of most of his vast powers. For three days, Cannon fought the inevitable, then yielded. His four-year "experiment with personal power," as Author Bolles calls it, was over.

Bolles, a newspaper man who now heads the Washington bureau of the Foreign Policy Association, gives most of his space to a valuable study of Cannon's four-year legislative dictatorship, only briefly summarizes the epilogue. Uncle Joe stayed on in Congress. He grumbled at change, but his good nature and blunt sincerity restored him to national affection. Visitors to the Capitol begged their guides for a peek at the Old Man.

At 86, he decided to retire (TIME's first Cover, March 3, 1923). He told friends he was going home to die. But even death had to wait three more years to unseat Uncle Joe Cannon.

First After Marco Polo

THE GRAND PEREGRINATION (313 pp.)—Maurice Collis—Macmillan (\$4.50).

In 16th Century Portugal, the stock advice to give an ambitious young man was "Go East." The East meant silks and spices, porcelain and pearls, the fabulous fast & loose traffic with India, China and the Indies. After a single voyage, men sometimes retired for life.

One young man who felt the lure was Fernão Mendes Pinto, son of a down-at-heels nobleman. He resolved to join the army and, once in the East, switch to trading. In 1537, at the age of 28, he sailed for Goa, Portugal's main outpost in India. Before he saw Portugal again, he was to visit all the lands of Asia, to be a



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merchant, a pirate, a slave, an ambassador and a Jesuit novice.

The long voyage home took him to years. And he did come back rich. Thereupon, good Renaissance man that he was, Pinto sat him down to write a book about it all. *The Grand Peregrination* is a re-tracing of Pinto's story by British Author Maurice Collis, and a bizarre and fascinating one it is.

Alligators & Hot Resin, Pinto had at least nine lives, and needed all of them. He was five times shipwrecked, 13 times put to slave labor. In China he was kept for two days, waist-deep in water, in a cistern crawling with leeches. Another time he put in 26 days in a lice-infested prison cell. The Burmans tortured him by dropping hot resin on his skin. A humane man himself, Pinto decided that his tormentors were simply retaliating for the brutalities that rakhell Portuguese had first inflicted on them.

Pinto piled up enough conspicuous "firsts" to make him the most renowned traveler in Asia after Marco Polo. He was the first European to describe alligators, cobras, orangutans and flying foxes (giant bats). "I shall not be surprised," he wrote, "if my readers who have not traveled refuse to believe in such creatures, for those who have seen little believe not much."

Even today, no one knows quite where fact leaves off and Pinto's fertile imagination takes over. His account of a meeting with the Dalai Lama is obviously grandiose fancy. His most disputed claim is that he was the first European to see Japan, and taught the Japanese how to use firearms. As Pinto tells it, he and two other Portuguese were on a Chinese ship which was blown off course and landed at an island off Kyushu. A Japanese prince sent for him, asked him if he knew of a cure for the gout. The prince was delighted when Pinto recommended a mixture of bark and water.

Ardor & Conscience. By 1554 Pinto was again in Goa again, a wealthy man yearning for home after 17 years. But he had seen much and his conscience was troubled. His adventurer's gusto had always been tempered by suffering and a sense of sin. At just that time the body of St. Francis Xavier was brought to Goa. Xavier had died on a lonely island while on his way to China to convert the Chinese. Profoundly moved, Pinto became a novice in Xavier's order, the Society of Jesus, and determined to return and convert the Japanese. It took two years to get back to Japan, and there his ardor cooled. He shrewdly sensed that a mass conversion was impossible. Furthermore, he had dreamed of being St. Pinto, not a struggling missionary. In 1557 he left the East and the Jesuits forever.

Back in Portugal he married and spent 20 years on the manuscript of his adventures. It was never published in his lifetime, but he had official recognition of a sort anyway. In 1583, in his 74th year, the Portuguese government awarded him a pension of two hogheads of corn annually "for his services in India." Four months later, Fernão Mendes Pinto was dead.

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TIME, MARCH 19, 1951

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1 WOOD FOR IRON: An American steel company is pushing a new railroad to open ore deposits in Africa. This native of Liberia is sharpening a saw to cut railroad ties.



3 ANOTHER MELTING POT: This is a big section of a furnace used in making iron. America has more steel production than all the rest of the world, but millions of tons are being added.



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Return to the Balkans

JUDGMENT ON DELTCHEV [247 pp.—
Eric Ambler—Knopf (\$3).]

Eric Ambler can make more fictional sense out of Balkan intrigue than anybody now writing. In the late '30s, when he last tried, he produced four of the neatest suspense stories of the decade: *Background to Danger*, *Cause for Alarm*, *A Coffin for Dimitrios*, *Journey into Fear*. What with the war (he wound up a lieutenant colonel), and scripting and producing post-war movies for J. Arthur Rank, Englishman Ambler has been pretty busy since those days. But he has managed to write another Balkan thriller, a fact for which Ambler fans can duly rejoice.

Naturally, Ambler's villains aren't getting their orders from Berlin this time. With his usual sound grasp of regional



ERIC AMBLER

In the black case, stale sandwiches.

realities, he wraps his story around the "treason" trial of a liberal politician. Why have the Reds gone after Yordan Delchev in the first place? And why have they thrown such fantastic charges at him? Ambler thrusts his British journalist hero, Foster, into the thick of things to ask those questions, then leads him a chase to the answers. Foster trips over a corpse almost as soon as he begins to poke around.

One of the more puzzling characters is a ubiquitous fellow named Pashik. Mousy little Pashik carries a black dispatch case in which he keeps stale meat sandwiches and a revolver. He keeps urging Foster to stay out of trouble. For some reason Foster trusts him and, as it turns out, Foster knows his man. Pashik proves to be a sturdy and reliable lover of freedom after all—and perhaps a symbol of something Author Ambler thinks the totalitarians can never entirely suppress, no matter how hard they try.



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What Can the Mattery?

THE EXPLORATIONS OF GEORGE BURTON [294 pp.]—John F. Wharton—Simon & Schuster [\$3].

"Yesterday, on my [60th] birthday," wrote Britain's sardonic Economist George Schwartz recently in his London *Sunday Times* column, "I came to a great resolve. I have resigned from the intelligentsia . . . I have had enough of it. I have decided to line up with the damfool section of the population, the 95%, meaning you . . . As a ci-devant intellectual I was one of the elect. I knew what it was all about, whereas the supreme characteristic of you, my new associates, is that you don't know what it is all about . . . Where do you fit in? How do you fit in? What is there to fit into? You don't know. You haven't the macroscopic approach, and the fact that you have to look up that word places you at once."

Many who follow the macroscopic explorations of George Burton are likely in the end to go scudding off with Economist Schwartz to the snugger valleys of the damfool wilderness. For Author John F. Wharton, Manhattan lawyer who made a name for himself with *The Theory and Practice of Earning a Living*, has now taken on a far more staggering job: a sum-up of modern physics and psychology, and an answer to modern man's anguished cry: "Where do I fit in? What is there to fit into?"

Come, Sweet Death. Author Wharton tries to make the maze of modern experimentation seem simple and straightforward by using the Philip Wylie technique of creating a few plain-talking "characters" and letting them unburden themselves to Whartonesque psychiatrists and sages—thus giving a coat of fictional jam to his strictly nonfictional pills. Chief of these characters is successful, middle-aged Businessman George Burton; chief of George's problems is simply that "for months he had been sinking into deeper and deeper depression . . . was alternately bored and afraid . . . Hardly a day passed that the thought did not cross his mind . . . that he wished he were dead."

"[It is] pretty clear," says the psychiatrist to whom George betakes himself, "that a deep unconscious conflict in you [has] been working its way to the surface for a long time." This is more than poor George is given a chance to do himself, as the analyst gallops him down into the Freudian underworld and introduces him to such alarming spooks as his own ego, superego and lusty id. "Do you mean that I have three personalities, but am only conscious of one?" howls poor George.

Come, Creation Current. Freud is merely Wharton's departure point. Before George is through with his intellectual face-lift he has rubbed shoulders with Newton, Einstein, Wilhelm (The Function of the Orgasm) Reich, Posture-Pundit F. Matthias Alexander. He has browsed about among brain waves, cellular division, extra-sensory perception, pre- cognition. He has seen God as Whitehead

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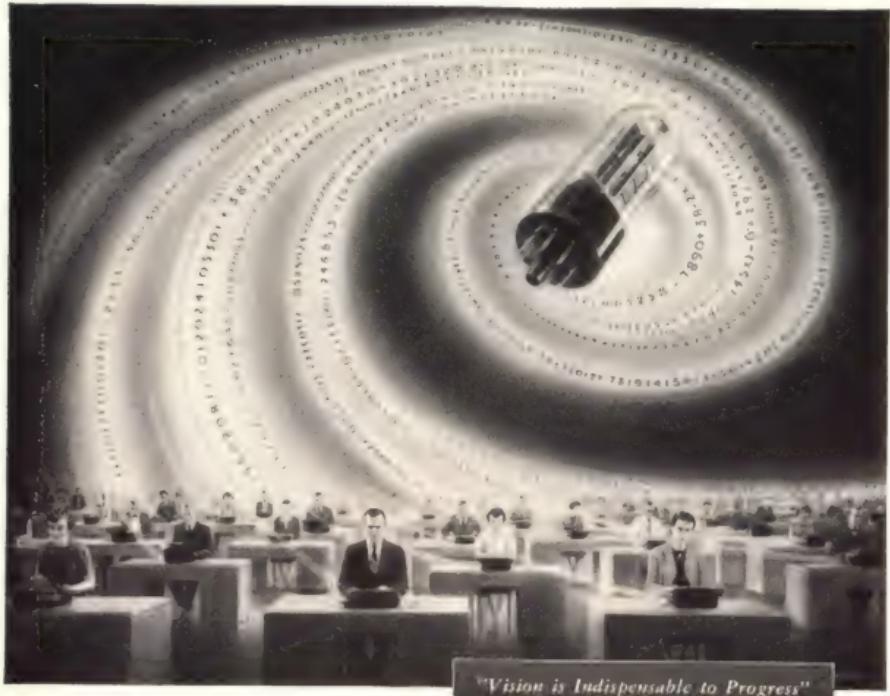
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water and stir with small
cinnamon stick.

and Jeans imagined him, and he can swallow without a qualm such strange phrases as "psychic penicillin" and "mattergy" (Wharton's word for interchangeable matter and energy).

By the end, George has built himself a faith that he can fit into—one in which "mattergy" more or less subs for the Holy Ghost, the New Testament teachings electrically re-emerge as "the love-and-creation current," and Satan is back in his old doghouse with a new name on the door ("death-and-destruction current"). This may not prove much of a cure for mental depression, but *Explorations* will at least give readers: 1) a rough reflection of the problems that torment the average man, and 2) a ski-run down the labyrinthine ways that modern pioneers are exploring in search of new answers.

Dream into Nightmare

THE BURNED BRAMBLE (405 pp.)—
Manès Sperber—Doubleday (\$3.95).

If the run of ex-Communist novelists can be believed, the only good Communists are dead Communists, and the man who destroyed them is Stalin. Most of them died because they failed to make the tricky turns on the tortuous *slalom* course of the party line. Some of them didn't even see the turns coming up. A few saw them but preferred destruction to further writhing and twisting.

The *Burned Bramble* belongs in the select company of those novels which have best explained why and how the good Communists become dead ones (others: Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, Victor Serge's *The Case of Comrade Tulayev*). It is the work of Manès Sperber, a slight, talkative ex-professor of psychology in German universities, who now lives in Paris. Like many a Communist intellectual, he had a blind spot for Stalin's big lie until the Moscow trials of old Communist heroes. In 1937 he broke with the party.

Author Sperber's doomed Communists are hand-picked for their roles, their fate assured in advance. Because *The Burned Bramble* is a rigged deal, it is no great shakes as a novel, but because Sperber is impassioned and superbly sure of what he is talking about, his book becomes a fascinating polemical exercise. In essence, it describes how the Kremlin underestimated the Nazis (counting on the Nazis and the Social Democrats to destroy each other and leave the field, in a year or two, to the Communists), and how Germany's huge Communist Party was itself destroyed. Naturally, Stalin could hardly be expected to admit that his line had been wrong. Scapgoats had to be found.

In the end, Author Sperber's little band of dedicated, wrong-headed men are broken on the Comintern's rack, discover too late that they have been pawns in a game that has nothing in common with dewy-eyed dreams of Marxist brotherhood.

What makes *The Burned Bramble* effective is Author Sperber's sharp, insider's awareness of the agony that gnaws at the comrade when realization comes.



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For half a century Armco Steel Corporation has pioneered in the field of special steelmaking. The skills of Armco's Research Engineers and experienced steelworkers are devoted to one end—to supply manufacturers with the steels exactly suited to their many *individual* requirements—the right steels for the products they make for you.

The familiar Armco label on anything made of steel assures you the manufacturer has chosen a *special-quality* steel to give you greater value and satisfaction. Armco Steel Corporation, Middletown, Ohio. Export: The Armco International Corporation.

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SPECIAL-PURPOSE STEELS TO HELP MANUFACTURERS MAKE BETTER PRODUCTS FOR YOU



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Beginner's Luck. In Detroit, a jury awarded \$3,500 damages and \$3,645 for expenses and doctor bills to Mrs. Theresa Schnepp, 54, who broke her arm while taking a lesson in jitterbug dancing.

Special Audience. In Buffalo, censoring his prisoners' outgoing letters, Acting Assistant Jailer Harry Leech came across one reading, "Honey, I am writing this slow because I know you can't read fast."

Pioneer. In Passaic, N.J., acting on a complaint from a downstairs tenant, a judge ordered Antonio Caruso to find some time other than the middle of the night for chopping wood in his living room.

Preventive War. In Dallas, a temperamental husband told the court why he stabbed his wife twelve times in the head and fractured her skull with a sledge hammer: "My wife is cranky when the weather is bad. So when the weather looked threatening, I hit her . . ."

Higher Values. In San Diego, Clair W. Burgener ran an advertisement in the "Lost and Found" column of the *Union-Tribune*: "Tan leather wallet . . . contained pictures, personal papers and \$350 currency. Finder may keep the pictures, the personal papers and the wallet, but I have a sentimental attachment to the money."

Qualification. In Minneapolis, a "help wanted" advertisement appeared in the Sunday *Tribune*: "Assistant to manager in bowling establishment . . . This is most enjoyable work and pays top wages to man who has following qualifications: Must be fairly honest . . ."

Favoritism. In London, Mrs. Beatrice Souter won a divorce after testifying that her husband, among other things, once fed his mother-in-law's breakfast to the family dog.

Curtain Raiser. In Fairbanks, Alaska, to drum up more customers for his boxing matches, Promoter Johnny Homethko announced that a stripteaser would perform before each match.

Answer. In Manhattan, during a sermon entitled "Who's a Thief?" at the John Hall Memorial Presbyterian Church, a thief lifted \$10 from the purse of the choir's soprano soloist.

Inflation Hedge. In Seattle, a thief broke into the Pacific National Bank, lifted cigarettes and candy from the vending machines, left the money untouched.

Cricket on the Hearth. In San Francisco, Mrs. Anna Sosnovsky won a divorce after testifying that her husband, who is retired and has no reason to get up early, woke her up with a singing teakettle at 5 a.m. daily.

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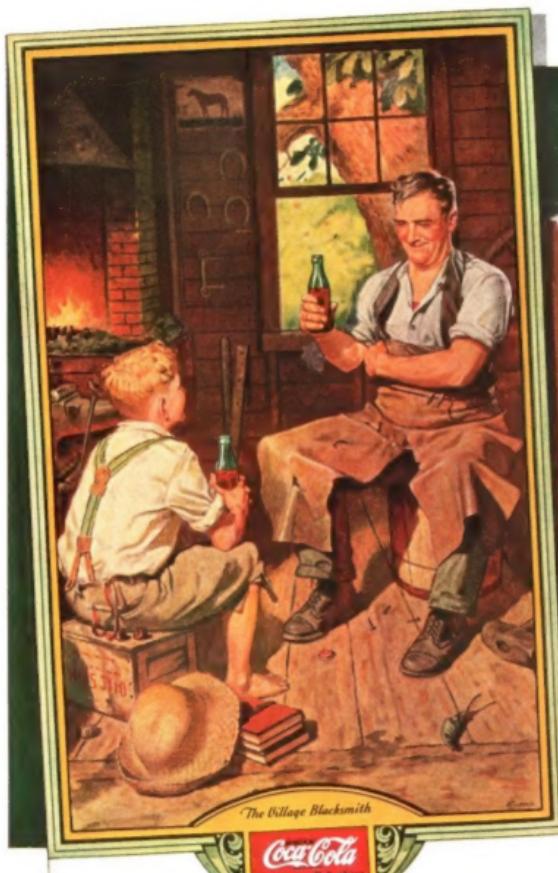
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